

You Can Be My Shelter

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You Can Be My Shelter

by [Passion_fruit_fashion](#)

Summary

Dream was living his best life, streaming on the weekends and working at a local hybrid shelter during the weekdays. All together a fulfilling existence with little to no issues. He never could have predicted that one fateful encounter with a certain hybrid would change his life forever.

AKA My excuse to write a Catboy George Fic with world building and plot

Weathered

Chapter Notes

If you like having a song to a fic, this fic's song would be:
Yellow - Coldplay

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream would say he's been having a successful and fulfilling life so far. Spending his days working at the local hybrid rehabilitation/rehoming shelter during the weekdays, and streaming to his amazing audience on the weekends, making more than enough money to live comfortably and enjoy the small things in life. He would even go so far as to say he wouldn't have it any other way.

Looking back on his past, Dream can't really recall a time where he didn't want to spend his time helping others and making their day just a little bit better than what it once was, so it didn't come as a shock to anyone when he decided to pursue a degree that was directed towards that Goal. What *was* surprising was the fact that he decided to specialize in the healthcare of hybrids, he would even go as far as to say that his family never even saw it coming. Especially given the fact that he never really showed an interest in hybrids previous to this decision, which to be fair he never really did speak on the topic aloud. Hybrids were something that the blonde always struggled to understand the concept of, not so much about the hybrids themselves, but how society saw them. People seemed to act as though hybrids were nothing more than pets in some instances, as though they weren't as intelligent as humans. which in his opinion was absolute bullshit, the few hybrids that he had a run in with when he was younger were absolutely as smart as humans. Dream always detested how they were treated as a lesser species, which was a big contributor to where his choice in career went.

His family was of course supportive of his decision, though he suspects this was due to the fact that he could theoretically get a job in his profession nearly anywhere due to the popularity of owning a hybrid nowadays. Hybrids themselves were a fairly common sight in his city and were still growing in popularity, with the most common hybrids being the traditional household pets. Dog and cat hybrids ranking as the most popular, followed closely behind by bunnies, small rodent species, and birds.

When Dream eventually got his degree, he started his job at a shelter the week after graduating.

Knowing that he would probably do the most good in a place that tends to be overlooked, he decided on a local shelter near his neighborhood. It was about a 20 minutes drive away from his home. When he initially started at the shelter, he had no real world application of working with hybrids, So there was absolutely a learning curve towards the start of his career, but after a few months he was able to adapt to the new environment and make friends with his co-workers along the way. One of his closest friends was the primary manager of the shelter, who went by Bad. Hilariously enough Bad didn't even have the weirdest name to go by amongst his co-workers, It ended up becoming a trend at the shelter to go by nicknames rather than actual names, aiming to create a more lighthearted atmosphere.

Things tended to be easy and calm for the most part, with the most hectic semi-daily disturbances primarily being contributed to adoptions at the shelter, or reaching milestones through his online

career as he grew. However, every now and then the local hybrid division of the police would conduct a raid, usually on a singular household, but every few years they hit a stroke of good luck and would bring down an organized ring. The hybrids that they rescue from those raids go over to the hospital, a sister shelter, or to the shelter he worked at. And as fate would have it, Dream gets a phone call that very night.

The cold wind was nipping at Dream's nose as he made the short trip to the entrance of the shelter. It had snowed on and off the past few days, adding to the ever present cold of the season. As he approached the sliding doors, Dream started stomping off the slush from the parking lot. The light from inside the building gave off a dim warm light, scattering across the concrete of the sidewalk just outside. The doors opened swiftly as Dream made his way inside, and immediately the tone of the noise shifted from silent to loud and bustling. As Dream scanned the area he noticed that nearly everybody who worked in the medical and standard care wings of the shelter were present, which was likely, given the size of the breeding ring that the police busted. He got the call at around 11pm. It was Bad calling from the shelter detailing the events of a bust that happened in the downtown area of the city. Apparently there were so many hybrids present at the raid site that they had to be dispersed across two different shelters and the hospital. Thankfully he was awake when he got the call so he was able to quickly react and get to his car with relative haste, which was fortunate given the weather forcing him to take the drive slower than he wanted to admit.

He immediately spotted Niki and Punz hunched over a clip board and decided to head over to them first to get an idea of the scope of situation that he would be thrust into for the foreseeable future. As soon as he stepped in their direction Niki noticed his approach and waved him over. "Dream hey! Ok so most of the hybrids that needed more intensive care were taken to the hospital but we still have some patients that aren't doing as well as I would like so I'm going to give you some of those ones to check up on first." she said while handing off the papers of the hybrids he was meant to care for. "Alright sounds good, page me on the intercom if you need me. I'll get started right away, the sooner we can get everybody comfortable the better." Dream replied, getting a nod of acknowledgment from the pink haired co-worker as he headed in the direction of the quarantine rooms. As Dream made his way down to his assigned rooms he caught sight of Bad heading his direction at nearly a run, "Oh my goodness you're here! Have you already been assigned some people?" bad rushed out.

"Yeah Niki got me set up with a few. I'm headed over to my first patient now." Dream replied. "Ok cool, I'll let you get to that then. I'll be coordinating the food situation if you need me." Bad stated before darting off towards the communal part of the building. Dream started walking once more until he got to the door of his first patient, "alright let's get down to business then" he muttered before stretching his arm and opening the door to the room, stepping in.

It takes a little over an hour but he's eventually able to get through all of his patients. For the most part they were all cooperative and willing to be treated with no issues, but there were a few of them that were extremely adverse to any contact. Understandably and rightfully so, considering what they'd been through. But thankfully they warmed enough to him to be treated for any injuries they had sustained. Dream exhaled as he exited one of the rooms, he knew it was going to be chaos when he was driving over but damn did he underestimate the severe damage that these raids brought to the light. So many of the hybrids he had been tasked to care for were in various states of shock, terrified out of their minds to the point of reckless obedience. The fact that people were able

to turn a blind eye to this kind of torment and abuse just for a quick cash grab disgusted him to the core.

He takes a moment to clear his mind and fall back into his working mindset, and heads back towards the second hybrid he was tasked to care for on his list. As he entered the room he put on a smile, the small bunny hybrid jolts up when she hears the door swing back. "Hello again, I was just checking in and making sure you're still doing ok, anything hurt?" He gently asks the hybrid.

She responds by quickly shaking her head rather than speaking, there seemed to be a trend on that behavior. Only two of the hybrids he's been working with have spoken to him, otherwise they communicated with him non-verbally. Usually through nods or head shakes, gestures if he was lucky. He continued on by asking the hybrid if she needed anything, such as food and water, to which she denied. He knew not to push her to eat anything right now, and let her take things at her own pace. Afterwards he started taking her levels, confirming to himself that they were evening to normal rather than spiking out of control.

Just as he was finishing up with checking her vitals, the intercom came to life.

"Dream if I could have you come to quarantine room number 8 please, thank you!" Bad's voice announced. Dream paused for a second, it was weird that Bad was already back in the medical wing of the building. He would have thought that Bad would still be working with the kitchen crew to set up a meal plan for the new arrivals. At that thought, he picks up the pace to room 8.

When he gets to the room's door he sees Bad, Niki, and Punz all crowded around the front along with two other co-workers. The fact that so many people were in one spot during a full house like this immediately set off a huge red flag that something was wrong, so he jogs the last few feet to speed things up a bit. "Hey, everything ok? Why the crowd?"

"Dream! Ok so we have a bit of an issue." Bad exclaims while fidgeting with a clipboard. "s-so uh, basically the hybrid in this room is fighting everything we've been trying to do to help. It even got bad enough that punz was bitten."

As Bad says this, Punz raises his injured hand, covered in a bandage wrap. Dream winces in sympathy. "It was my fault, I tried to calm him down by putting my hand on his shoulder, not really thinking about the consequences." Punz utters calmly. "We've tried everything we could think of, but nobody is getting through to him to be able to help him." Bad sighs "at this point we might have to sedate him to at the very least check his injuries and work towards fixing them. Even if it costs us some trust." Bad says as he looks down uncomfortably. And Dream can understand why, if they go the sedation route, this hybrid will have no trust towards them whatsoever for violating his boundaries. It would be a surefire way to lose any faith that the hybrid might have had for them.

"If possible I'd like to avoid that at all costs, but why call me? I don't have any specialized training for treating hybrids with behaviors like this so I feel like his response would be the same to me, right?" He asks confusedly. To which at this point Niki speaks up, "I was actually the one who wanted to call you over, remember a few months ago when that dog hybrid came in and wouldn't let anyone near him when he slept? but you somehow managed to make him feel safe enough to do so around you? you're good at connecting with everyone, even hybrids, and I felt that if he was going to trust anyone here, then it would be you." At this Dream hesitantly pauses, it wouldn't hurt to try. Especially if this hybrid has any major injuries that need to be treated as quickly as possible.

He looked to the door, wondering what he should expect when he enters. With a nod to himself, he steeled his resolve and looked back to Niki. “Ok, I’ll see if I can get through to him. What do we know about him so far? A name? Age?” He asks. “Unfortunately we don’t have much of anything, he won’t speak. Just exhibited aggressive and frightened behavior so far, he looks like he’s around early twenties though if that helps, a cat hybrid as well.” Niki softly explains. Alright, so he has to go in mostly blind it seems, which he can work with. After all, more than half of his other patients today had the same levels of information to work with. Dream took a deep breath in and turned towards the door, once again preparing himself like he did at the start of this shift, and glances over to his friends. “Alright let’s see how this goes, wish me luck.” As he says this they all speak in various degrees of unity “good luck”. He reaches out and takes the handle to the door. Turning it slowly and pushing it gently open.

as the door swung open, the first thing he noticed was the fact that the bed was empty. As he stepped inside he scanned the room, He wasn't able to see the hybrid. The sheets were crumpled up at the edge of the bed with some of the comforter hanging down onto the floor. He walked a little bit further into the room and kept his eyes on the space below the bed, guessing that the hybrid had most likely hid underneath while they were talking. He gently closed the door behind himself and backed up against it to give more space between the hybrid and himself, when he looked back towards the bed he caught a glimpse of a slim chocolate brown tail tip slip further under the bed and out of sight. Dream slowly took a breath in and then back out, deciding that the best option would probably be to sit down and get at the same level as the hybrid but at a distance. He wanted to make sure that the hybrid didn't feel cornered.

As he slid downwards he heard a small stuttered intake of breath, along with something hitting the wall with a small thud. As he glanced under the bed he saw a lithe framed cat hybrid, pupils blown wide in panic curled up in the corner of the space. His breathing was labored and his left ear was constantly twitching backwards as though it was causing him discomfort. He had chocolatey brown hair that matched the tail he saw earlier, with eyes of the same color. Dream took a moment to look the hybrid over, both for injuries and to finally get a clear view of who he would be working with for most likely the rest of his shift. As he was cataloging the hybrid’s injuries, the small framed boy sharply glanced to the side in discomfort. Causing the dirty blond to realize that maybe staring down the blatantly frightened hybrid wasn’t the best way to go about things.

Dream cleared his throat while he laid down on his side next to the door. “Hey, buddy. My name is Dream, I’m gonna be helping you out for the rest of today ok? I just want to make sure that you’re ok and not hurting any longer than you have to be alright?” He murmured, soft enough that the average human probably wouldn’t have heard more than mumbles. But Dream knew the cat hybrid had heard him. Not only were cat hybrids well known for their excellent hearing, the way that he tensed up when Dream started speaking was also a good indication that his words didn’t fall on deaf ears.

After a few minutes of complete silence, he knew the hybrid was going to act as though Dream hadn’t spoken at all. So Dream opted for the next best option.

“You want to hear about a ridiculous thing that happened to me yesterday?”

A little bit of world building!

-1 in 40 households own a hybrid, and there has slowly been an increase in demand for hybrids as the years go on.

-there are absolutely activist groups working towards giving equal rights to hybrids, this will come into play a little further on in the story.

- hybrids were created in a lab initially, and the practice was/is still now extremely restricted to only the top scientists of the field and highly regulated, so all other hybrids other than the first originators are born through normal breeding/procreating. the concept of hybrids in the lab is close to legend at this point with only a handful of hybrids nowadays coming from this source to ensure that lineages don't pull a "purist royalty family".

-hybrids unfortunately don't have many rights, they currently have a status akin to an actual pet, if slightly higher.

there are however much stricter rules and guidelines to follow to maintain the safety of a hybrid, such as registering all hybrids under their owner and annual health screenings of a hybrid to ensure that said hybrid is healthy.

-there are also organizations that conduct welfare checks when called. and any hybrid abuse is punishable by law.

-in this specific world there aren't heats in the sense that other fics have (sorry if that's what you were looking for but I would die if I had to write that in lmao) however there are still secondary genders, though not prominent in any other way than procreation and minor behaviors.

-humans and hybrids cannot make a kid, and hybrids are only able to if they are of the same species.

if you have any questions, feel free to leave them in the comments :D

Melting Glaciers

Chapter Summary

finally the show begins :)

///This chapter has minor descriptions of injuries and bad health so be wary of that///

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You want to hear about a ridiculous thing that happened to me yesterday?” Dream blurted out, causing the hybrid to slightly jolt at the sudden shift in tone. Dream internally face palmed at the slip up, hoping that he didn’t spook the guy too much.

“Well ok I might have to go back a little further in time to explain why this was so funny. So about a month ago I went to a coffee shop that’s roughly a five minute walk from my house. I want to say that this was probably about 2 in the morning. This shop has these amazing cinnamon jelly bagels, and I’ll be honest I had a bit of an addiction to them so I frequented the place a lot. Essentially what happened was that when I went to turn the corner to go inside, I crashed into a woman. somehow I ended up popping the lid off of her coffee cup, dousing both of us in coffee. I was so mortified at what had happened that I kind of panicked my way out of the situation.” he said as he hid his face in his hands.

“I remember profusely apologizing and giving her my hoodie along with the money I had brought with me and then bolting back home.” Dream glanced over towards the bed to see if the story was capturing the hybrid’s attention at all, and noticed that the brunette did seem to be visibly calmer, pressing into the wall much less than what he was originally. Dream silently celebrated at the small win, continuing the story without pause.

“That’s the background information for the story, this is where the part about yesterday actually comes into play. So after that whole embarrassing situation I kind of stopped going to the coffee shop for a little bit, but started going back a little less than a week ago. And while I was waiting in line I heard someone behind me gasp and go ‘It’s you! the coffee bandit!’ and I turned around to find none other than the girl that I spilled that coffee on.” Dream glanced over to the bed and saw he still had the attention of the hybrid so he continued on. “ She apparently had been referring to me as ‘coffee bandit ’ because the hoodie I had given her had a little attached mask that looks a lot like the bandanas that bandits wore in those old western movies. And I guess she even went the extra mile to make these themed ‘wanted posters’ with a crude drawing of what she remembered me looking like, because like an idiot I had forgotten that I had a ring in the pocket of the hoodie that my grandmother wanted me to deliver to my mom.” he finishes as he smiles and looks back over to the boy.

The hybrid was watching intently, cautious but much more relaxed. As Dream looked him over he noticed that the collar around the hybrid seemed to be digging into his neck, this brought Dream back to why he was sitting here in the first place. The material seemed to be rubbing the skin

underneath it raw, and there was definitely a risk that the damage could be worse. Dream sat up and decided to test his luck. “Would it be alright if I took off that collar? You don't need to wear it while you're here, whoever put that on you won't be coming anywhere near you anymore.” he gently spoke out while trying to embody a calm demeanor.

The hybrid immediately and without hesitation drew his walls back up and went on guard. He looked as though he was expecting Dream to try and force the hybrid into cooperation, which shattered the blonde's heart.

The smaller boy watched Dream for a moment, waiting for the other to make a move towards him, but when Dream made no effort to come closer, the hybrid slowly eased to a more relaxed state again. “I won't touch you unless you're ok with it, don't worry. But I'm also not going to leave you here until I know you aren't in any more pain. Those injuries could easily get infected, if they aren't already.” dream says as he shifts into a crisscross on the floor. “All I want to do is clean up those cuts and make sure you're ok, I promise.” he finishes, waiting to see if he can get a response from the boy.

The hybrid boy seemed to flutter through a range of emotions before ultimately settling on what seemed to be resignation. He shifted his weight onto his arms before shuffling out from under the bed. All the while keeping a close eye on Dream as he moved further into the open area of the room. As he moved closer to the blonde, Dream noticed that he was intentionally not twisting his torso, wincing every now and again as he moved. Dream stored that info to check on later.

Now that the brunette was out in the light Dream got a more complete idea of what he was working with, the hybrid was wearing torn faded clothing that looked twice his size. There was bruising all across his right forearm and he didn't seem to have any foot protection, resulting in visible sores and calluses. There was recent heavy scarring around his ankles along with similar bruises in the same place, and the collar upon closer inspection seemed to have dug into the skin to the point of exposing the soft tissue under it. In general the cat boy looked extremely malnourished, with many bones faintly protruding through the shirt. He didn't necessarily look starved, but he definitely wasn't being given the proper nutrition that he should be.

The hybrid scooted a little more towards Dream before hesitantly glancing between him and wherever else he could find a point to fixate on, Dream of course takes this in stride and smiles gently at him. “Thank you. I'll be as careful as possible while I take it off. It might hurt a little bit since it's so tight but it should only take me a couple of minutes at most to get it off. And you can tell me to stop at any time ok?”

The smaller boy nods while slightly tensing up, most likely bracing for the pain. At this response Dream reaches forward, causing the hybrid to jolt back. He kept himself still as he spoke again, “I'm gonna see if the buckle will unclasp first, and then we can go from there. Ok?”

At this the boy tersely nods, pupils blown out to huge round disks. He was obviously terrified, his tail thumping against the floor behind him, so Dream moved his hands towards the buckle on the collar slowly, taking care not to make the same mistake of moving too fast. He lightly grabs the buckle of the collar, making sure not to pull at it too much. Thankfully the clasp unfastens with a small tug.

As he pulls the belt through the buckle, he notices small tremors coming from the smaller boy. “doing ok?” he asks. The brunette faintly nods, trying not to move too much. Dream takes the

response as a confirmation to continue and eventually gets the collar away from the boy's skin, setting it down on the floor next to them, the collar was a heavy thick rubber based substance with a rough texture. *'No wonder this thing did so much damage'*, Dream thought to himself.

He checks the skin on the hybrids neck where he wasn't able to see previously, and as expected the skin was rubbed raw. Irritated shades of reds purples and pinks where the collar had dug in, with pressure cut wounds where the weight of the collar sat the heaviest.

"There we go, that's probably much better right? Now I'm gonna clean up those cuts with this spray here ok? It'll sting a little but shouldn't be too bad. You've been doing really well so far." Dream says as he gets up and reaches for his antiseptic spray that he had pointed towards, along with a set of gauze swabs set on the cabinet to his side. The brunette pulled his arms tighter to his chest while nodding, he was still trembling, so as dream shuffled over for the supplies that he needed, he reached out and grabbed the blanket that was hanging from the side of the bed and brought it over as well. As Dream sat back down, he draped the blanket across the brunette's shoulders, out of the way of his wound, but enough to stay put on the hybrid. Once Dream situated himself back down again he softly spoke, "ok I'm gonna start cleaning it now, tell me if you need me to stop alright?" .

The hybrid nods again, grabbing onto the blanket and drawing it tighter against himself, so Dream goes ahead and gets to work.

After a bit of time and multiple breaks in between, Dream was able to successfully clean and bandage the hybrid's neck. About half way into cleaning his wounds, the hybrid began to relax enough to start taking in more of his surroundings. Dream noticed him start to look around, occasionally glancing back at the blonde in the process.

After a while the brunette seemed to become a little bolder in his glances, and took to staring at Dream every now and again while he was working. It gave the blonde hope knowing that he wasn't being perceived as much of a threat anymore, at least for the moment. He could tell the hybrid was exhausted by the way his eyes were starting to droop, and guessed that the events leading up to him getting to this shelter were anything but easy.

When Dream finished up, he leaned back onto his heels, causing the hybrid to snap back to reality and quickly look away. It was endearing to watch the brunette act as though he wasn't staring, but he knew better than to draw attention to the action.

Dream cleaned up the small mess he made and tossed it into the trash can nearby, and turned back to the smaller boy. "Alright, now that we've gotten that out of the way, would you be ok with me helping you a little more with what's hurting you? Once I finish, I'll leave you alone for the rest of the night."

The hybrid paused for a moment before slightly nodding, seemingly much more comfortable around the blonde than he was at the start of their time together. "Great, i'm gonna start with your arms first then ok?". Dream receives a nod in response and falls back into his work mode, gently taking the brunette's arm and assessing the damage. As he works, he starts speaking again.

He talks about his day, what he ate for dinner, his trip to the beach, along with many other topics that popped into his head, keeping the hybrid's attention on his words rather than the check up he was performing. Dream managed to successfully complete the majority of his check up with no issues, but met some resistance when he got to the hybrid's abdomen. He noticed right off the bat that there seemed to be some minor scratches along with some swelling that was likely related right below the ribs, and when we went to check the area, the hybrid immediately shot his hand out to stop Dream from making any contact with it.

At this Dream stops and pulls his hands away, Making sure to respect the hybrid's boundaries. "Do you know what happened here? Or did it just start hurting out of nowhere?" he asked as he moved to sit back.

The hybrid flipped his ears back, most likely thrown off by the fact that he was expected to answer. He seemed to be struggling with himself on something, which caused Dream to worry that the boy might have been non-verbal. "Are you able to talk? it's alright if you can't." he ventured to ask.

At this the brunette looked back to Dream, "y-yeah" the smaller boy uttered in a hoarse voice. At this, Dream slowly got off the floor, muttering a quick "one sec." making his way to the sink to grab a disposable cup and fill it in the sink. Dream could tell that the boy didn't use his voice very often, and decided to keep the questions to a minimum for the time being until the hybrid adjusted to using his voice again. "This should help," Dream said as he handed him the water.

The hybrid took a few tentative sips before speaking up again, "it just started hurting out of nowhere, it wasn't bad at first but..." he murmured out while curling into himself a bit. With a start Dream realized the brunette had an accent, the new info took him by surprise but he was able to pull his focus back to what the brunette had said.

"Do you know what kind of pain it feels like? For example does it burn or feel like a sharp stabbing pain?". At this the brunette pauses to think, "It kind of burns, made it hard to eat when they gave us food." at this new information and a couple of other questions of a similar vein, the blonde starts to form an idea of what it might be. "When did it start to hurt?" he asks. The brunette flicks his ear, "uhm, a little bit ago. I don't know how much time passed, sorry." he finishes, looking away uncomfortably.

"No that's ok, I'm just trying to find out as much as I can so we can get this fixed quickly. I have an idea of what it might be but I'm gonna need to take some X-rays, is that ok? We have a portable one so I can bring it in here. You won't have to leave the room if you don't want to yet." Dream says as he writes down what the hybrid said on a notepad for future reference.

The brunette starts to look visibly uncomfortable by the idea but nods, so Dream takes this as an ok to leave the room to get the X-ray machine. "Alright I'll be back in a couple of minutes. If you're ok with it, could you hop on that bed for me? It'll make it a lot easier and quicker to get those X-rays."

Dream pauses, mentally face palming. "By the way, is there something you would want to be called? I just realized I never got your name." he finishes while turning to face the hybrid from the door with a sheepish smile. The brunette looks back towards the blonde while hopping onto the bed, as he registers the words he slightly curls back into himself again.

After a few seconds of contemplation, he seems to make his mind up and glances back to Dream with cautious resolution in his eyes. "It's George." he states.

At this Dream beams, "nice to meet you George. Thank you." At this the brunette slightly tilts his head in confusion, "For what?".

Dream chuckles, "I don't know, just for everything I guess. For telling me your name, for letting

me help you, a bunch of stuff.”

At this, George makes a pinched face. “Your welcome I guess?”.

Dream chuckles and turns back towards the door to turn the knob. “I’ll be back in a couple of minutes.” he says as he exits the room with a skip in his step.

Chapter End Notes

Did you know that a cat's pupils being dilated can be a sign of fear? it helps them take in the entire environment with the most light possible to have a better shot at survival.

Comments feed my motivation monster, all donations accepted. /lh

I'm trying my hardest to stay at least semi-realistic with the medical so hopefully it isn't too bad lol.

Fogged Yet Clear

Chapter Notes

THANK YOU FOR THE 100 KUDOS AND 1000 HITS

Love you guys <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Dream made his way over towards the area where they stored the X-ray machine, he spotted Niki along the way. She looked pretty exhausted, which made sense as she was normally on the day shift, along with himself and Punz. They made up the medical wing for the most part during the weekdays, With the night shift being manned by Callahan and Ponk. Niki was the head of their department and one of the resident therapists, an essential backbone of their shelter. Dream was glad that he could call her one of his close work friends.

“Dream! How is everything going? Were you able to get anywhere with that hybrid?” Niki asked as she caught up to him.

“Yeah, I was able to get him to trust me enough to take care of some of his injuries. I’m actually grabbing the X-ray to finish his assessment now. I’m pretty sure he has some peptic ulcers based on what he told me, but I want to get a scan to make sure and figured he would be more open to an X-ray than an endoscope.” He said with a yawn.

“Yeah that honestly sounds like the best bet. You were able to get him to talk then?” she said as they made their way around a corner. “Yeah, although that was a very recent development. He said his name was George, he also had a pretty heavy accent. I think it was British? Definitely European if it’s not.”

“Gotcha, I’ll check the records for a missing hybrid under that name from the UK data banks as soon as I can. I’ll let you get back to it then, intercom me if you need me. I’ll probably be here for another three or four hours.” she answered as she split off from dream and headed towards one of the doors in the hall.

“Will do.” Dream replied before focusing back on his own task.

A couple of minutes later and Dream is back at the door of George’s assigned room. He knocks and waits a few seconds before entering, giving the hybrid a chance to react before he went in.

As Dream enters, he sees George sitting at the edge of the bed, ears perked straight upwards and aimed towards him. He pulls the machine in behind him, bringing it closer to the small counter area that served as the doctor’s station. “I’m back, hopefully I didn’t make you wait too long?” he asks as he sets up the device.

The hybrid shakes his head, “No, s’fine.” he lightly slurs, the sleep in his voice apparent. Dream turns to him and smiles, “ That’s good to hear, now let’s get you through these X-rays so that you can get some rest, yeah?”.

The brunette nods and shifts closer to the edge of the bed, waiting for Dream's instructions.
"Alright let's get started."

After roughly 20 minutes of X-rays, which consisted of Dream positioning George into place for his scans, they finally get enough scans to satisfy the blonde. As Dream had expected, he found 2 ulcers in the hybrid's stomach, one of which seemed to be slightly worse off than the other. Dream also found evidence of a healed over broken leg that seemed to have been a clean break and healed properly, so thankfully there wasn't a need to worry there.

With this new knowledge in mind, Dream decided that the best course of action would probably be to start off with a less invasive treatment and if the situation called for it, then he would step up the treatment at the hospital that they were partnered with.

As it stood, the ulcers weren't to the point of being an immediate issue, but most definitely were the cause for the hybrid's discomfort. He decided to go ahead and put the hybrid on some antibiotics, with frequent check ins, and go from there.

With a plan laid out, Dream relayed the information to George, ensuring that the brunette was on the same page to keep things going as smoothly as possible.

"How did I even get them?" George asks, flicking his tail across the mattress.

"Uh, The bacteria that causes it is usually picked up from food or water, usually when those things are in an unhygienic environment. And stress can definitely speed up the process since your immune system would be lower. But we can kill it off using an antibiotic easy enough, which will let everything heal and that should be the end of it." the blonde explains.

"M'kay." the smaller boy murmurs. "Let me get those antibiotics for you and then I'll get out of your hair." the blonde says as he smiles tiredly. "Do you want any extra blankets or anything else while I'm out?" he asks the hybrid as he starts towards the door.

George shakes his head, curling back in on himself again. At this Dream nods and takes his leave, already set on bringing some more blankets just in case.

He makes his way over to their internal pharmacy and grabs the required medicines, both the antibiotic and a pain reliever that would pair well with no issues. He then stops by one of their storage closets to grab the fluffiest blankets that they had on hand, before making his way back to where George was.

He knocks once again and waits to enter, before heading back in. As he makes his way inside he sees the hybrid pause, his ears straining back.

"I know you said no to any extra blankets but I still wanted you to have the option for later if you change your mind, you don't have to use them if you don't want to of course but they'll be here." Dream says as he sets the blankets down at the foot of the bed.

"And i've got your medicine here, this pill is the antibiotic and this one is a pain killer." he explains while pointing to each pill respectively.

At this the hybrid nods and takes the pills offered. Dream hands him a new cup of water before taking the rest of the pills and storing them in the top cabinet. These cabinets were customized so that they were only able to be accessed by a key that each medical wing staff member had on them

at all times. This helped keep all the medications close to their patients while keeping them safely away.

“Alright, that's all for tonight, is there anything you need before I leave?” the blonde asks. And as he expected the hybrid shook his head again, so Dream went through a mental checklist of anything the hybrid might need over the night to make sure the brunette would be comfortable, since he knew the hybrid wouldn't be likely to voice his requests even if he had them.

“Oh by the way, if you need the restroom, it's right across the hall. You got really lucky with this room placement in that aspect huh. It's a family style restroom too, so you won't need to deal with any other people. Your door is always unlocked as well, so don't worry about getting locked out or anything like that.”

The hybrid blearily nods, looking as though he's going to pass out as soon as the blonde leaves. So with that Dream heads to the door, “Goodnight, I'll see you tomorrow morning” Dream softly says as he smiles towards George. He then heads out, turning the main light off as he exits. The wall mounted light under the cabinets bathes the room in a calm dim glow, reminiscent to a nightlight.

He checks back in with Niki in her office, and she sends him home to get some rest. With the sudden influx of new arrivals at the shelter, he went ahead and shelved his next day off to use on another day.

He wanted to make sure George had someone that he somewhat trusted to get him settled and comfortable, and knew that he was the only one so far that fit the role.

So if he worked a few more days on his schedule then so be it, at least he knew that it was well worth the time put in.

Chapter End Notes

yeah so after researching for this fic, I now know for sure that I would never want to be a medical professional, like how tf do they keep all this information stored in their heads oh my god.

I hope you liked this small education lesson lmao, who'd have thunk you would be learning about gut bacteria in a dnf fanfic amirite.

All jokes aside this should be the last of the medical stuffed chapters, finally onto the good shit.

Second Frost

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream woke up to the sound of his alarm going off, groggily he palmed under his pillow until he found his phone. As he brought it up to his face, he paused in confusion. The day displayed on his phone was Sunday, he didn't work Sundays.

As he slowly came out of his fog of drowsiness, he tried to figure out how his phone somehow deviated from its scheduled alarm settings, and shot up in bed when he remembered the events of last night. *Right* he thought to himself. *The raid that happened downtown.*

He shifted to the edge of the bed, getting up and preparing for the day ahead at the shelter.

Once Dream made his way through the automatic sliding doors of the entrance, he was greeted by the receptionist. As he passed, Dream gave a greeting of his own, swiping his keycard to head further in.

He made his way over to his office, which was towards the middle of the building. All of the office spaces were centered in this area, this allowed for staff to make their way to any of the wings of the shelter with ease.

The shelter had 4 wings in total, those being the medical wing, the social wing, the housing wing and the adoption wing.

The medical wing was pretty self explanatory, it was for the medical care of hybrids, whether that be therapy, injury, behavioral classes, etc.

The social wing was the communal area where all of the hybrids were free to socialize, enjoy activities, etc. this wing is also where the food court was located.

The housing wing was where all the hybrid residents of the shelter had their own rooms for when they wanted privacy, and the adoption wing was where the hybrids that were ready to find new homes would be able to meet and interact with potential adopters. The adoption wing was the only one accessible to the general public, with all the other wings being staff only to ensure that the hybrids had the best experience during their recovery.

The offices were clustered by wing, so Dream's office was next to Punz and Callahan, with Niki being down the hall. Bad also had an office near them, though you would probably never catch him there. He was usually on the go throughout the building, being the manager meant never sitting still for too long, even on a slow day. Their shelter was on the smaller scale but it was pretty well known by the city folk for being one of the best.

Dream was proud to have been working here when they achieved that title. When he first started Bad was only a staff member in the social wing, but was appointed to the manager position when the previous guy retired. The shelter took a sharp turn for the better once Bad was able to make some much needed changes.

The blonde made his way into his office, laying his coat on an old couch. He logged into his computer, taking care of all his immediate online tasks as quickly as he could. Dream was very intent on getting back to the brunette he was caring for last night as soon as he could, he wanted to make sure that everything was still ok with the hybrid and was hoping to take care of the boy's ear that he was constantly flicking back today.

Another thing on the list was getting him clean, he was still in the clothes they found him in. Dream didn't want to risk setting off the brunette last night so he opted to not attempt a wardrobe change, but it definitely needed to get done.

With those tasks in mind, Dream finished his errands on the computer and locked up, making his way over to the assignments board to grab the hybrids info that he had left the night before and then headed to George's assigned room.

When he got to the room, he knocked on the door. The blonde was wanting to establish a pattern for the hybrid to catch onto, he hoped that the consistency would help the hybrid grow accustomed to his presence a little quicker.

Dream opened the door to find a mound of blankets, which made the edges of his mouth twitch into a smile. He closed the door and made his way to the cabinet with the hybrid's medications.

"G'morning, did you sleep well? I passed out as soon as I got home. Yesterday was something else huh." he says as he fills a cup with water. The larger boy watched as the mass of blankets slightly shifted, before stilling again.

"I've got your medicine here," he says while shaking the bottles to make a soft rattling noise. "would you sit up really quick and take them for me?" Dream asks, hoping that the brunette will come out of his cocoon of his own will.

After about a minute of silence Dream sighs and tries again. "Please, we've gotta deal with those sores in your stomach, I won't feel comfortable leaving you in here until you take them." he attempts again.

he waits for a couple of moments again, there is no response, so he takes a step forward. "Come on buddy, I know that those painkillers are probably wearing off at this point." he says while gently gripping the top blanket, slowly pulling it to the side. "It'll only take a seco-" He gets cut off by a sharp growl, causing the blonde to drop the blanket and take a step back. At this Dream huffs. "Oh come on, don't be like that please, I promise I'm just trying to help you. You're safe here." he calmly says over the growling. "I'm not going to make you come out of those blankets, but I'm also not leaving until I know that you've taken your medicine ok? Did those pills make you feel worse? Is that why you don't want to take them? We can change the kind of medicine if that's why." he says while taking a seat on the stool that was next to the counter.

"y'know, there was this one time as a kid that I got sick after eating some out of date food and the medicine that my mom gave me made me even worse." he said, pushing through the low growling with his chatter.

"I still remember how freaked out she got when the stuff she gave me to keep me from throwing up did the opposite. She took me straight to the ER and we had to sit in that tiny waiting room for hours." he laughed, continuing the story for a good five or so minutes as the hybrid slowly came to a stop with the growls.

Dream goes on yet another story telling spiel, listing off anything and everything. Eventually he catches movement from the corner of his eye. As he looked over towards the bed, he noticed the small brunette turn towards him, glaring out from under the covers. The blonde continues to prattle on about whatever comes to mind, occasionally glancing at the hybrid as if he were having a conversation with him.

Eventually the hybrid sits up, still burrito'd in the blankets and still looking pissed off, but much more alert and responsive than he was earlier so Dream counts it as a win. Dream finishes up his train of thought in the conversation and smoothly switches topics. "Are you good with taking those pills? Or were they actually making things worse like I said earlier? I meant it when I said I could change the kind of medication." he says while smiling kindly towards the hybrid.

The smaller boy huffs, "s'fine, just give me them." he says in a groggy voice, ears flicked back in annoyance. At this dream chuckles, "here you go, thank you for taking them."

As George takes the pills, Dream starts gently swaying slightly side to side. "By the way, do you have any kinds of foods that you don't like or are allergic to? They'll be serving breakfast in like, twelve minutes and I can go grab some stuff for you to eat." Dream mentions to the brunette as he hands him a cup of water. "Not really." he replies, short and simple.

"Alright hmmm, is there anything that you do like that you want me to keep an eye out for?" Dream asks, hoping to get something better to work with.

George sits there and watches the blonde intently for a moment, scanning the blonde's face. "why do you even care, I'll eat whatever you bring me, its food." he answers slowly, as if preparing for an adverse reaction from the larger boy.

At this response, Dream's mood saddens, the fact that the boy feels so baffled by the concept of somebody caring about his likes and dislikes pained him. He hummed, "I care because everyone deserves to enjoy the things they like the most. If someone tells me that they like something, I'm gonna do everything in my power to get them that thing when I can. I don't see it as a bother or anything, if it makes them just a little bit happier, then it's worth it." he finishes looking towards George the entire time, hoping that the hybrid could see that he means it.

The hybrid glances away, lost in thought contemplating something. He then sighs and starts to speak. "When I was younger, my first owner would always get me strawberry milk, prattling off about it helping me to grow stronger. I remember liking that, but that's all I can really think of right now." he says while keeping his eyes trained on the wall to his right. His ears flicked down a little bit as though he was uncomfortable from the vulnerability, pulling the blanket more over his shoulders as he fidgeted.

"Oh! we definitely have that here, I'll make sure to grab you one then." the blonde says with a smile. "I'll go ahead and grab some food for you then, in the meantime while I'm gone would you wash your hands in the sink here? I'm sure you don't want to touch your food with whatever they had on them before you got here, yeah?"

George nods, looking back towards the blonde, and away again. "Thank you."

At this Dream couldn't resist repeating what the brunette told him the night before, "for what?" he says with a lighthearted and joking tone. The hybrid pauses in confusion before catching on and

huffing. “For everything I guess, being so nice, helping me, a bunch of stuff.” he says in a monotone voice with a raised eyebrow before flopping back under the blankets.

This causes Dream to laugh, turning to the door. “You’re welcome George. There’s no way that I wouldn’t have done all of that, you deserve it, especially after all you’ve been through.” he says as genuinely as he can, hoping the hybrid can hear the truth in his voice.

“Alright I’m gonna go grab you some food, be back in a bit.” he cheerfully says as he leaves, heading towards the food court.

Chapter End Notes

Persistence in some rare cases can indeed be key.
also seriously thank you for all the kudos and hits! I genuinely thought that this would flop. I appreciate you!

Morning Dew

Chapter Summary

We finally get the poor guy out of the exam room :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Dream got back to George's assigned room he knocked and entered. The food court was chaotic as usual but he was able to secure everything he set out for with little to no issue. He ended up getting himself some food as well, everything secured on a large tray for ease of transport. Dream hoped that the hybrid would be ok with them eating together, both so that Dream could monitor his intake as well as just hoping to chat with him.

At Dream's entrance, George untangled himself from his blankets and scooted towards the edge of the bed. He seemed much more awake and in better spirits than when the blonde had left, which Dream was thankful for. The hybrid was still watching him warily but that was to be expected all things considered.

Dream set the tray on the counter before pulling out a small foldable table that was similar in size to a tv tray and set it out for the hybrid to easily reach. He then turned to grab his own food and sit on the stool. Dream decided to start George off with a simple to digest meal, some scrambled eggs with a slice of toast as well as a small portion of apple sauce for a sweet treat. At the very top of the tray was a carton of strawberry milk, as well as a cup of water.

When he started laying everything out he noticed the apprehension on the hybrid's face and quickly stepped in to try and quell his stress. "I don't expect you to eat all of this, I don't even think I would be able to eat all of this if I were in the same position. I just want you to try and eat a little of everything if you can, that way you can get a good range of nutrients in." he explains. "I also got some food as well, I'll eat over here by the cabinet and stay out of the way, that ok?"

The hybrid takes a moment and nods, then reaches for a fork, glancing at the blonde before taking a bit of the egg. Dream then starts to dig into his own food, hoping to keep the air light as they eat. In between bites Dream would start little conversations, filling the silence and talking a little bit about the shelter, hoping to slightly familiarize the brunette with stories to make the transition a little easier on him.

While they ate, the blonde noticed that George was taking time to savor the strawberry milk, trying to make it last as long as he could during his meal, so Dream decided to make it his mission to get a carton of the milk for the brunette for the next upcoming breakfasts.

Once they finished eating, Dream took their plates and ran them back to the food court and swiftly came back to try and get down to business. He takes the hybrid's vitals with relative ease, and is able to acquire a blood sample with only a brief stint of resistance before George allowed him to.

Dream was eventually able to check the hybrid's ears and noticed a heavily matted clump in the

ear that George was constantly flicking back tugging on the inside of his ear, most likely the cause of the irritation. With that info, he set to removing it with some scissors and a steady hand. The hybrid was reluctant at first, not wanting the blonde anywhere near him with a sharp object, but eventually came around from the promise of relief.

Once he removed the matted fur, Dream set to cleaning the brunette's ears and checked the smaller boy's head for any injuries he might have missed under the hair. Thankfully there weren't any issues, so Dream put away his supplies and turned back to the hybrid.

"Alright, I think that's all we need to do in here, how about we get you to your new room? It'll have its own bathroom and it's completely your own space, no roommates." Dream says, pushing his dirty blonde hair to the side.

The hybrid immediately looks on edge, curling in on himself in discomfort. "It'll be a short walk, and you won't have to move any more rooms once you're set up there. It's also a lot nicer than in here, way less medical supplies"

They sit in silence for a few minutes while the hybrid processes the new info, and he hesitantly nods, wrapping his arms around himself.

"Ok, do you want me to bring these blankets to you later?" he gestures to the mound of fabric. He received another nod from the brunette, looking to the floor nervously. "Alright, let's head out then."

At his movement the brunette sunk further into the bed, clearly not wanting to leave what he deemed as safety.

Dream slowly walks towards George before stopping in front of him and extending his hand for the hybrid to grab onto. And with a moment more of hesitance, he grabs the blonde's hand in a loose grip. George's hands were freezing, most likely from nervousness, so Dream took some time to warm them up in his own hands and try his best to reassure the brunette before they set off. The repetitive gesture seemed to put the hybrid a little more at ease, with his ears twitching back up every now and then, tail swishing behind him with a little less agitation.

Dream led the brunette to the door and opened it, and right away the hybrid started to tremble and pulled back, trying to stay in the room. Dream decided to take a risk. He walked back in, coming up right next to the hybrid and drew the smaller boy gently under his arm. The goal was to help the hybrid feel more protected, less vulnerable.

"This ok?" he asks, looking down towards the smaller boy with a kind smile and gentle eyes.

The brunette was clearly taken aback, jolting and leaning away at the first point of contact, but quickly recovered and adjusted to the new situation. He took some time to process, but nodded and slightly leaned back into the blonde, taking in deep breaths to calm himself down. After a pause to allow George a moment of stability, he lightly squeezed the hybrid's shoulder. "Alright, let's try that again." the blonde chuckles softly as he opens the door back up.

This time when they start to walk forward, George squishes himself as closely as he can to Dream, still trembling, but instilled with more resolve from having the blonde to lean on as a safety net.

They make their way down the hallway with no issue, George sticking close to Dream's side as they go. The smaller hybrid wouldn't even look around at his surroundings, instead focusing on the floor in front of him.

Once they made it to the housing wing, they headed to the staff desk that was located by the entrance. Dream waved to the staff and asked them for the keycard to George's new room which they gladly passed over to the blonde. During all of this, the smaller boy was burying himself into Dream's side, trying to draw as little attention as possible to himself. The staff noticed this of course and did their best to not acknowledge the hybrid, hoping that it would put the brunette a little more at ease.

With access to the room keys, Dream led George down one of the hallways. The housing area was modeled much like a college dorm, with rooms lined one after another with a number and a name next to each door. The hybrids that lived there had the opportunity to decorate their name plaques and add smaller decor to their doors, so there was a nice spattering of color and personality along the way. After a small amount of walking they stopped at one of the doors, George's name already on the plaque. Dream took the key he had received and unlocked the door, gently nudging the hybrid inside.

Even when Dream closed the door the smaller hybrid didn't budge from his place under the blonde's arm, so he decided to walk over to the bed that was set up for the brunette. The room was a small studio sized area with a queen bed in the corner on a low bed frame, the sheets draping down, allowing for easy access for any injured hybrids. Across from the bed was a small desk with some crafting supplies stocked, along with a small digital clock, and next to that was a small wardrobe closet with a small tv on a stand next to it. Right by the front door was a cube shaped protrusion of wall that held the small bathroom.

As they made it to the bed, the blonde gently pulled the hybrid away which caused the smaller boy to grip tighter. Dream huffs lightheartedly, "we're here now, it's safe for you to let go, I promise. Do you want to check it out? This space is all yours, so don't worry about anyone else bothering you."

It takes a few minutes but eventually the smaller boy calms down enough to turn his head to the side, taking in his surroundings. He eventually works up the courage to pull away from Dream's chest and take a formal look around. Dream watches as the hybrid swivels his ears around, most likely taking in the new sounds that the space around them emits. He stays still, acting as the brunette's anchor as he adjusts to all of the new stimulus that he was ushered into.

Once Dream noticed George start to relax, he started to speak again. "This place will be yours for as long as you're here ok? You can add whatever you want to it, if there's something you want me to get for this place I'll try my best to find it. Does that sound ok to you?" he finishes as he watches the hybrid for a confirmation. George was still looking around as the blonde was talking, stopping to briefly nod when he finished. Dream then started to formulate a plan for the best way to go about this.

He took a little bit of time to chatter about whatever came to mind, trying to create a sense of normalcy to help the smaller boy get used to the room a little easier. That was one perk of being a streamer he supposed, the ability to carry a conversation with himself, no outside input required.

After a while of this, he decided to try his luck. "Ok, before I leave you to relax until lunch, would you be ok with me helping you get cleaned up? You can use either the shower or the bath. I'm sure it's not very comfortable being covered in dirt and whatever else that might be mixed in." he

murmurs, hoping to maintain the peaceful setting they were currently in.

As he expected, the hybrid did not react well to the question being asked, though this time he was met with more fear than with what he encountered when patching the smaller boy up previously. He continued with caution, “We can make it quick, and after this you can take care of cleaning up by yourself. I just need to help you this one time to make sure that I didn't miss anything during the check up. And I'll need to re-wrap your injuries, but after that we would be done.” He gently pressed on.

George was reluctant but after a while of reassuring the hybrid, Dream was able to get him to agree. They made their way over to the small bathroom. Inside was a bathtub/ shower combo, along with a toilet and a sink that had a small mirror above it mounted to the wall. Dream set to preparing a bath while George sat on the lid of the toilet watching with apprehension, the blonde then set to removing the bandages, and once the bath was drawn Dream left the bathroom for the hybrid to disrobe and get in with some privacy. After a few minutes the blonde knocked on the door, “Is it ok to come in now?”.

There was a faint sound of water being disturbed before he received a faint “yes” from inside. He entered again, and the hybrid was submerged nearly to his nose from how far down he sunk in the tub. Dream opted for a more bubbly foam style soap to help the hybrid feel more covered.

He made his way over to the edge of the tub, prompting the smaller boy to sink further into the water. Dream grabbed the shampoo and kneeled down, “ok I'm gonna start with your hair, I'll try and keep it away from your face.” he said gently as he popped the cap of the bottle.

George nods, so Dream reaches forward and gets started. His mood was slightly dampened by the fact that all he was able to get from the hybrid were non-verbal or very little spoken responses but he knew that it would take time to get him comfortable enough to come out of his shell. So far George had been doing pretty well in terms of allowing the blonde to assist him, he was scared that the smaller hybrid might have completely shut down to any help and fought him any time he came close, but thankfully that didn't seem to be the case.

Dream worked quickly and efficiently, staying true to his promise earlier. He started with shampoo and conditioner since they were centered in one area and let the hybrid grow used to the touch, and once he was finished with that he moved on to a body wash. Once Dream had scrubbed the smaller boy's arms and torso he moved back towards his neck.

The smaller boy was slightly trembling again, blatantly distressed from the physical contact. He had tilted his head down, most likely trying to make himself look smaller.

“I'm gonna need you to look up for me while I clean your neck ok? I'll need to see it a little better so that I don't accidentally hurt you.” the blonde murmured as he assessed the injuries he was able to see.

George nodded and tilted his head back up, before subconsciously pulling it back down as Dream reached forward. He decided to lightly tip the smaller boy's head back up by nudging the knuckles of his fingers under the brunette's jaw, hoping that the hybrid didn't react negatively.

Thankfully the smaller boy didn't seem to mind too much, stilling his movements as the blonde brought the washcloth he was using to his neck. He was able to clean the area with no issues, George relaxing a little into Dreams hand as he worked.

After some time he was able to clean off the hybrid, for the most part everything went smoothly, with the only points of issue being that George refused to let the blonde anywhere near his nether

regions and certain points of sensitivity. The blonde expected as much and let the smaller boy take care of cleaning any areas that he didn't want Dream near, with the compromise that dream could still visually assess him for any injuries.

With a couple of tense and awkward moments in between, they were able to finish up and get George wrapped in a towel. Dream grabbed the hybrid some fresh clothing from his wardrobe, it was a simple light blue pullover along with some heathered grey sweatpants and simple boxer briefs. The clothes were provided through donations, most items being edited to suit the needs of whatever hybrids they were given to. He then rebandaged his wounds and left the hybrid to change into his clothes as he made his way to the tv, turning it on and flipping to a random game show. The room was filled with a nice background noise, allowing for a more upbeat vibe.

He then made his way to the bed, plopping down and pulling out his clipboard to log everything from earlier in the day as well as his recent assessment.

George came out of the bathroom shortly after, scanning the room until his eyes landed on the blonde, he then hesitantly made his way over. Dream smiled at this and continued writing, humming as he went, the brunette taking his own place on the bed. After a while, Dream noticed the hybrid slightly stretching his body upwards from the corner of his eye and realized that the brunette was trying to look over his shoulder. This made the corner of his mouth twitch with amusement, he was glad that George was reacting to things around him with such curiosity, rather than being in a state of detachment as so many hybrids that came through the doors tended to be.

Dream took some time to finish up his notes before raising his arms up in a stretch and standing up. He turned to the hybrid who was sitting with his legs crossed on the bed looking back toward him, "That's about all I needed to do here, so I'll give you time for yourself now. Do you have any questions or things you want to talk about before I go?" .

The brunette shakes his head, lightly tapping his tail to the mattress as he glances away. "Alright, I'll be in the building if you need me but I'll also be back with lunch at about noon. If you need me you can ask the people down the hall at the desk and they can call me over, that sound ok?" he asks. George flicks his ears back, most likely from the prospect of leaving the room, but nods nonetheless.

Dream mentally makes a note to get something for the hybrid to get a hold of him without leaving, since he can tell that the brunette most likely wouldn't go out to the service desk even if he did need Dream. *Maybe a walkie talkie or a pager could work*, he thinks to himself.

"I'll see you in two hours then." Dream says as he makes his way to the door.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! as always if you have any questions or critiques, feel free to pop them in the comments. this is my first time writing a fic ever so the feedback is appreciated.

Cloudy Sunshine

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After the first few days of being at the shelter, Dream noticed that George had slowly begun to settle in and lower his walls towards the blonde. He made sure to keep a consistent routine in order to help establish some stability for the smaller boy, bringing his meals at the same times, and sitting with the hybrid on his breaks. Over the course of a few days he was even able to get the smaller boy to respond and engage in some conversation.

The chaos that the shelter had experienced recently settled back into its normal slow crawl, so the blonde was able to fall back into his former work patterns. For the most part Dream would spend his work days doing routine scheduled check ups for the residents of the shelter and spend the rest of his day in his office, whether that be doing paperwork or sitting in on calls. The rest of his shift was essentially free time and staying on call should he be required for any emergencies.

By the time that Dream's scheduled days off came around, he and George had made really good progress. George had been warming up to him and had even gone so far as to use the small pager that Dream had given him. And while things were going super well, the blonde was worried about leaving the hybrid for the upcoming weekend.

Dream knew that he had to take the days off since he was technically well into overtime, but he knew that this weekend away could potentially lead to a relapse in George's progress as well.

He made his way to George's room for his break as usual, knocking before entering and finding George at his desk as he came in. The smaller boy was wearing a red hoodie and some light gray joggers, lounging comfortably in the chair. He made his way in, noticing that the brunette seemed to have been writing. As he came closer, George noticed his presence and closed the notebook he had been working in, turning towards him and stretching.

"Is it your break already? I could have sworn you just brought lunch." the smaller boy questions with a soft grunt.

"Yep, It's been a few hours since I've been over. Seems like you got pretty sucked into whatever you were working on." Dream says as he makes his way over to the bed to sit, making sure to show that he wasn't planning on invading the smaller boy's privacy.

"I guess yeah, time got away from me. What were you up to while you were out?"

"Hm, Not too much, I had two check ups with some hybrids that've been here a bit longer than you. And after that I worked on some boring but necessary paperwork in the office, so nothing too interesting unfortunately." He finishes, picking at his nails.

"Hmm, sounds like fun." the brunette hums while leaning back into the chair.

"Yeah, nothing like the exhilaration of typing at a desk" the blonde laughs.

After a bit of back and forth chatting, the blonde remembered his thoughts from earlier. He begrudgingly decided to dive in headfirst on the topic, reasoning with himself that the hybrid knowing in advance would probably be the best bet for everything to go smoothly.

"By the way, I just wanted to let you know that starting tomorrow I'll be off of work for the

weekends again, I usually work weekdays and have Saturday and Sunday off. So Punz will be bringing in your food instead of me ok? He's a good guy I promise."

At this, George's demeanor shifted. The smaller boy visibly showed discomfort at the idea, closing back down on his personality as he fell into his thoughts.

"I've known him for a few years and I trust him. I know you guys got off on the wrong foot but give him a chance yeah?"

"...Okay." The brunette eventually muttered, looking as though he wanted anything other than to agree.

"It'll be ok, I promise. I'll be back as soon as the weekend is over, do you want me to bring you anything when I come back? Whatever you want I'll try my best to find it."

It hurt Dream to see the hybrid shut down so much at the thought of other people helping him, but he expected it, considering how much it took for George to even tolerate the blonde's own presence. He let the brunette take some time to think while fiddling with the cuff of his shirt.

After a bit of time the smaller boy seemed to have made up his mind and turned back to the blonde with timid movements.

"... what about that bagel you told me about when I first got here.... you made it sound like it was worth trying out."

"A cinnamon jelly bagel? Yeah I can definitely get one for you. It's definitely one of my favorite snacks from that café, the grape jelly is my top favorite but they also do strawberry and blueberry. Which one would you want to try?"

"Uh..., I guess the grape one, or whichever one you think I might like." George says hesitantly.

"Awesome, I'll make sure to bring you one then. And if you end up not really liking the grape we can always try a different jelly, the café is on the way here so it's pretty easy to stop at along the way." the blonde chuckled.

"Ok." the hybrid murmurs while glancing away. Over his time here Dream noticed that George did this when he was unsure of how to react to something.

For the rest of Dream's break they switched to lighter topics, the blonde hoping that the change in conversation would put the hybrid more at ease for the upcoming days.

Once His break was up they parted ways and Dream returned for the rest of his shift. and Once he was finished fore the day he checked in with George one last time before clocking out and heading home, hoping that there would be no issues come the weekend.

----- George POV -----

The TV across the room was gently humming the intro to a show in the slightly chilly morning air, everything was still, with the slightest noises coming from the building. George was bundled up in

the middle of the bed, covered with the extra blankets that Dream had brought him when he moved rooms. It was probably eight or nine in the morning if he had to guess, still an optimal time to snooze in his opinion. He was teetering in and out of consciousness as the time ticked by, soothed by the stable background noise. Usually Dream would come by with breakfast at about half past nine, so he still had time to laze around before the taller boy came in.

George still had no idea how he ended up here in this position. It still didn't feel real to him most days, Knowing that he would never have to go back to that horror house that his old owner sold him off to. Obviously he wasn't out of the woods yet, who knows what kind of people they were going to shuttle him off to next. They won't let him stay here, that much he knows for sure.

At least in the time that he's been here he hasn't had to deal with anyone too bad, Dream's company had been unexpectedly welcome. He hadn't been sure what to make of the taller boy at first, assuming that the human was just falsely trying to gain his trust to manipulate him into obedience. however the longer that the blonde stuck around, the less that George was sure of his intentions. And after a few days the hybrid had hesitantly concluded that the blond was genuinely trying to help him. He was thrown from this for quite a while, but the longer he got to chat with the boy, the more he felt that he could trust him. Obviously the human's attitude towards him could shift on a dime, and George was prepared for that, but he'd like to think that there were still at least a few good humans left out there.

It was strange watching the taller boy as he essentially chatted to the air for those first few days, he always held this joyful bubbly energy when he came in, even when the hybrid refused to so much as glance his way. The near constant stories that the boy told in his time here came to grow on the brunette, and after a few days he came to look forward to the tales that Dream would bring with him from the outside world.

George didn't know why he was able to relax so much around the blonde after such a short time, he had tried chalking it up to the fact that he had been isolated for so long that any positivity and attention pulled him in. But even that explanation didn't seem to add up considering that he couldn't stand even the briefest of visits from the other humans that worked here.

There were a few times that a pink haired woman came in and tried to get him to talk to no avail, and the first two nights at this place, the other blonde guy that he had bitten would pop in to check on him. He couldn't even fathom being anywhere near as comfortable with them as he was with Dream, that he knew for sure.

As he was dozing in and out of his thoughts he heard a knock at the door, and the handle start to jiggle. George slowly sat up and stretched, trying to wake himself up more. 'That felt like it took longer than normal' he thought, turning towards the door before freezing in place. Walking through the doorway was the other human that worked here, He was pretty sure that Dream had said his name was Punz.

Right, how could he have forgotten that Dream wasn't here today, he should have realized from the weird knock that it was someone else at the door. He glanced to the clock on his desk and realized that it was half an hour later than he was used to receiving breakfast, the brunette chastised himself for not being more alert.

As the blue eyed boy made his way in with a breakfast tray and his medicine, George instinctively curled into himself, hunching over and slightly leaning further into his blankets. When Punz noticed the brunette pulling into himself he stopped approaching and gently smiled towards the hybrid, trying to defuse the tension.

"Morning! I'll be bringing your food and meds in for the next two days while Dream is out, just

take these pills for me really quick and I'll be out of your hair Ok?"

George startled at the loud voice, ears flicking back to combat the level of noise, But didn't speak. At this reaction, Punz realizes his volume and winces as he lowers his voice, hoping to mend the slip up and trying again.

"Ah Sorry, But I have to make sure that you take these, so I can't leave until you take them alright?" he says as he steps closer to the bed, causing George to let out an involuntary low growl while inching backwards. At this Punz pauses, sighing as he stops and considers his next move.

George watches with a keen eye, noticing the human's slight frustration and preparing for the worst. He doesn't know how this guy might act when he's pissed off and he doesn't want to risk anything, so he backs further to the wall trying to stay out of the blue eyed boy's reach. As he scoots back the hybrid grasps onto the pager from under the pillow that Dream had gotten him, and starts spam clicking the button. Realistically George knows that the pager's signal probably wouldn't reach wherever Dream was right now but he tries anyways, hoping that the dirty blonde would somehow show up and that this human would leave.

He felt backed into a corner, starting to tremble as he kept a constant focus on Punz, afraid to break eye contact in the case that he moved closer and tried to pull something.

----Dream POV----

The day had been unbearably slow so far. He had woken up at six am, the time he usually did when he had to get ready for work, and couldn't fall back asleep. Mildly annoyed by this, he gets up, knowing that he's not going to be able to catch any more shut eye. So he forced himself out of bed and makes his way to the kitchen.

He makes some breakfast and settles on the couch to eat, watching some Netflix for about an hour before deciding that he was awake enough to be productive with his day. He makes his way to his computer set up and starts up his editing software. He had been putting off editing for a while at this point and really needed to just hunker down and get some progress going for this video. Not to mention that he was wary of streaming this weekend just in case something happened with George. Streaming was nice and a great way to spend the weekends for the most part but he definitely had a passion towards the YouTube path, there was something really enjoyable about polishing a video and putting your best self out to the world. Sometimes the process along the way dragged, but in the end it was always worth it. So With this in mind he set to scrubbing and cutting down the raw footage.

As he was working he heard his phone go off on the bed, but didn't pay much mind to it. He had finally fallen into the headspace where he was editing efficiently and didn't want to risk falling out of the groove for what was most likely twitter or an email, so he continued on. However not much time after that, it went off again, and very shortly after that his phone started ringing.

This definitely caught the blonde's attention, causing him to head over to his phone with a quickened pace. As he looked at his phone he noticed two things. one, it was already Ten am. And two, It was Niki calling.

He quickly went to pick up, hoping for the best but fearing for the worst. "Hello?"

“Dream! hey, sorry to bug you on your day off, but something has been buzzing in your locker for the past five minutes and I don't know what to do about it.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! sorry this took so long oh my gosh, I've been busy with some IRL stuff and will probably be tied in it for the next few weeks so expect slower updates!
thank you guys for the constant stream of support its been so nice, especially since I was expecting this to flop lol.
and just some readers insight, Punz is a good guy, but George is looking for any threat no matter how small in his fight or flight state and his POV will reflect that, but rest assured Punz is a chill dude in this fic.
that's all I have to say for now, love you guys! see you next update or in the comments!

Tepid Storm

Chapter Notes

TW // Panic attack (technically the beginnings of one, so its not too crazy but if that sets you off then I would say to skip this chapter and I'll add a summary to the end note.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Dream! hey, sorry to bug you on your day off but something has been buzzing in your locker for the past five minutes and I don't know what to do about it.”

At this information Dream felt a wave of worry wash over himself, it couldn't have been anything other than the small pager that he kept for George.

“Niki hey, um it's probably my pager. I set it up for George so that he could get in contact with me while I was out working. The pin to my locker is 41-85-13, it should be in my coat pocket.” he quickly relayed as he got up from his desk.

“Is he ok? He usually doesn't use it unless there's something he really needs. Did everything go ok with punz for breakfast earlier?” he quickly asks, pacing the room in small circles.

“I haven't checked in with punz just yet, so I'm not too sure on how that went. But I can head over to George's room to see if he was needing something if you'd like me to.” she replied, trying to calm the blonde as she entered the code to retrieve the pager.

“That would be great, is it ok if I stay on the line just in case you need me to talk with him?” Niki chuckles, “yes that's fine. You really care for him don't you, much more than usual huh.”

Dream pauses in his pacing and gives a small slightly flustered chuckle, “A bit, yeah. I really want him to have a better life going forward, he deserves that much. And he trusts me enough to help him get to that point, so yeah i'm definitely more invested than usual.” he admits.

“Awe that's cute, I'm glad that he has you to lean on while he's here. Well I'm heading over to his room now so let's see what he was needing.” Niki says as she makes her way down to the housing wing.

Niki made her way over to George's room and knocked on the door, she immediately took notice of the faint growling coming from inside. Quickly but gently she opened the door to find Punz crouching on the floor with his hands up in a placating manner near the door and George against the wall on the bed making himself as small as he could. The brunette was pressed as far away as he could from the other boy in the room in a very blatant defensive position, eyes blown wide with ears pinned to his head and tail lashing in agitation. His attention shot to the door briefly before becoming more panicked when he noticed her.

Niki took a deep breath in and slowly exhaled, knowing that she needed to de-escalate the situation as soon as she could.

“Good morning, Is everything ok in here? I heard the pager that dream has for you go off so I wanted to check in.” she says softly as she raised her hand holding the pager to show to the hybrid, hoping to provide context to her presence and not further spook the boy.

----- George POV -----

As he heard a knock at the door he felt a spark of hope, ‘It had to have been Dream right? He must have heard the pager and come to help him, right?’ he thought as his attention fully shifted to the door in anticipation.

But as the door swung open his hopes soured, as the other human that he had seen here had made her way inside instead. Nearly in parallel to the pink haired girl entering, George stopped processing what they were saying. His anxiety went into overdrive, and he felt even more trapped. George jerked as she brought her hand upwards, and then felt a sense of dread and regret as he realized what she was holding. It was the other pager, the one Dream was supposed to have.

With the sharp realization, the hybrid turned his blame inwards. He was the one who set off the pager and made her come here, he only has himself to blame for this situation.

‘Were they going to be mad that he had that pager? Did he get Dream into trouble?’ He didn’t know, he didn’t know and he was terrified to find out. He stared at the blankets on the bed, hoping to blink away his blurred vision, desperately wishing that they would just leave him alone.

He started to shake much more violently, the humans’ voices going muffled as if he were listening underwater. His breathing started to get quicker and felt as though he couldn’t get enough air into his lungs. George could remember this happening before when he was at that horrible place, he would pass out and wake up trapped in the crate. He hoped that these humans would be merciful and just leave him be, he didn’t want to go into a crate again.

As George pushed further into the wall trying to control his breathing he vaguely noticed the pink haired human get closer, and in response growled louder, hoping she would get the message and back off.

Unfortunately she doesn’t back away, instead she gently speaks and puts something on the bed, causing the hybrid to jolt and hiss. Just as he’s rearing up to defend himself, she backs away again, speaking something towards him and retreating over to the door.

Just as George was about to try and dart for the door when it opened, he heard a familiar voice.

“George? Are you there buddy?” he heard through the slight static of what he now recognized as a phone that was left on the bed. As soon as the hybrid realized who was talking, it was as if the pressure against his chest started receding in response, and he was able to breathe again.

“D-dream?” the smaller hybrid muttered out feebly with a shaky voice, trying to keep all of his focus on the small screen in front of him.

As they were talking, Punz and Niki turned to leave the room, allowing the smaller boy some privacy to come down from his panicked state.

“There you are, yeah it’s me, I’m here. How are you feeling? My Friend Niki said that you used the pager, is everything ok?” he said gently, keeping a soothing tone as he talked to the brunette.

“I’m s-sorry, I shouldn’t have. It won’t happen again, I’m sorry.” the hybrid stutters out, hoping that he didn’t ruin his relationship with the taller boy.

“What? No no hey it’s perfectly ok that you used it sweetheart. That’s why I got it for you, you aren’t in trouble for using it. In fact I’m proud of you for using it, for showing me that you trust me enough to help you. I’m sorry for not being there to check on you myself, but I can get in trouble with my job if I work too many hours. When I get back to work Monday it’ll be just me that will answer the pager ok? I’m sure you weren’t expecting Niki when you used it so I’m sorry for that scare.” he calmly explained.

As he was talking to the hybrid, George was trying to pull back fully to reality. He was struggling to come out of his thoughts and he knew that Dream was catching on to his inability to stay engaged in the conversation.

“Can you do a favor for me George? I’m gonna ask you a couple of questions and I want you to answer them for me, alright? Can you tell me five things that you can see right now?”

“U-um, t-the phone... the bed... the TV.. the d-door.. the blanket?” the smaller boy stutters out, trying to understand the point of his questions.

“Good job, now can you name four things that you can feel around you?”

“....The bed.. My sweater, um.. the cold air from the air conditioner, and the wall.” As George is listing the items he slowly starts calming down and is able to sense the things around him with more clarity.

“Good, now can you name three things that you can hear? You’re doing really good so far.”

“The TV, the air conditioner... and the toilet running.” he replies.

“Good, now can you name two things you can smell?” Dream asks next.

“ the food, and the carpet.”

“Good job, and last one. Can you tell me one thing that you feel right now? As in your emotions or thoughts.” he murmurs.

At this request, George pauses. How does he feel right now? He mulls it over before replying.

“Relieved. Also tired- but uh if just one then relieved.” he finishes.

“Relieved is a good one, it makes me feel better knowing that. Are you feeling a little better now? I noticed that you weren’t doing so well when Niki came in, hopefully that helped.”

“Y-yeah, I do feel a lot better.... thank you.” He says as he relaxes a bit more into the bed.

After calming a bit, the brunette felt a bit ridiculous getting so worked up over a pill. The humans that were in here earlier didn’t even really do anything that bad, he felt bad for dragging Dream into this on his day off. But at the same time was so relieved and thankful to have this familiarity to grasp onto.

“S-sorry again...”

“It's ok George, I'm more than happy to help you if you need it. Even if I can't be there in person, never feel like you have to apologize for asking for help ok? I know you don't know Punz or Niki enough to feel comfortable with them yet, but you still need to make sure to stay healthy ok? I'll tell them to only come bug you when you need to take medicine or eat ok? But you have to at least do those two things yeah? We want to get you back up to as healthy as you can be.”

“Ok... can we talk like this w-when they do come in though?.... Actually n-nevermind sorry, t-that's-”

“I can have them call me and put me on speakerphone, I don't mind Georgie.” he says with a chuckle. “I want you to feel safe and comfortable, and if talking to me when they bring you food helps then I'm more than happy to do that.”

“Are y-you sure?” he shyly mutters.

“Positive” Dream replies.

Chapter End Notes

A little shorter than I was wanting but you guys need an update lol.
as always let me know what you think so far in the comments and if you are willing could you let me know if the pacing is too slow? I feel like I might be dragging it a bit too much but that could be because I spend a good few hours working on it, so my perception could be skewed? let me know if I should pick up the pace lol.

Summary for anyone who skipped:

Dream picks up and has Niki check on George

George uses the pager and doesn't expect Niki so when she enters he falls into the symptoms of a panic attack and Niki decides to leave her phone on the bed with Dream on speakerphone to calm him down and reassure him that he is safe and not in any trouble.

Crystalized Sunrise

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rest of the weekend passed over with no other major issues, Dream chatted with George on the phone for a few minutes each mealtime and George became a little more comfortable with punz' presence .

Eventually Monday rolls around and Dream makes his way over to the shelter for his shift. He made sure to grab a Jelly bagel and a hot chocolate for the brunette, hoping to cheer him up after the fiasco from the weekend.

He heads inside of the shelter, clocking in and making a quick stop by his office to drop off his stuff before making a bee-line to George's room.

As he knocked he heard the chair from inside scrape across the floor, and as he entered he saw George sitting in said chair, watching raptly as the door swung open. When the smaller boy sees Dream he visibly slumps in relief, causing the taller boy to chuckle.

The hybrid seemed to have been awake for a decent amount of time, seeing as he was so alert already. Dream made a mental note to check in and make sure it wasn't issues with sleeping, but he assumed it was because of himself that the smaller boy was up.

"Morning Georgie, I brought you that bagel you wanted to try as promised. Also a Hot chocolate since the temperature has been dropping so much." he said as he made his way over to the bed sitting down and bringing out the food he got the smaller boy as well as his own breakfast.

As he was setting out the food, he noticed from the corner of his eye that George had gotten up from his chair and had started to make his way over. The hybrid ended up stopping in front of Dream, which caused the taller boy to look up in mild confusion. The brunette looked nervous, making a point to avoid eye contact while also seeming to have been lost in thought.

"Everything ok?" he gently questions. Causing the smaller boy to jump, snapping out of his thoughts.

"Yeah, sorry, thank you for getting me this, you didn't have to." he answers, hesitating before eventually coming to a decision and sitting right next to Dream.

For the duration of him being at the shelter, George had never been so willing to be in such close proximity to anybody, so the change in boundaries took Dream by surprise. Though he quickly recovered and smiled, falling back into his usual conversation mode. as he spoke the smaller boy slowly became more and more comfortable with the proximity, relaxing and even brushing up against Dream every now and again.

He told the brunette everything he had accomplished over the weekend, as well as his trips out into the town for food. As the taller boy was talking they dug into their meals, George adding in his own small inputs as Dream continued. George seemed to really enjoy the jelly bagel, softly humming after some bites and polishing the small treat off quickly.

When the time for Dream to head back to his job came around, the tension in the air slightly shifted. The hybrid had been keenly watching Dream, most likely looking for any signs of the taller boy getting ready to leave. George was clearly not wanting him to leave just yet and the dirty blonde felt guilty for needing to go. But he did have a job to do, so when he couldn't make excuses to stick around any longer, he turned to the hybrid.

"It's about time I got back to work. I have 2 patients to see soon for check ups and then some paperwork to file. If you need me don't hesitate to use the pager, I'll be the only one answering from now on so don't worry about someone else answering it ok?" he says as he stands up. George visibly tensed up before reluctantly nodding, so Dream took that as his answer and began to head out. He was halfway to the door before he felt a tug at the edge of his shirt, strong enough to stop him but gentle enough to cause him to pause on his own accord. When he looked behind himself towards the smaller boy, he was met with a bowed head and eyes looking towards the floor. George was standing with hunched shoulders and ears flat, holding on to dream with a white knuckled grip. Dream's eyes softened at the sight.

"Y- you can't stay for a little longer?" the brunette stuttered out.

Dream sighed before turning and squatting down to the hybrids level. "unfortunately no, I have to get to these next appointments to make sure that the other hybrids here are at their best health as well. I would stay if I could." he says solemnly, scratching the back of his neck.

George's eyes flutter with disappointment, sending a pang of guilt through the Taller boy. He tries to think of some way to make sure that the hybrid wouldn't be too lonely while he was out.

"You know, there's an amazing little lounge area here that a lot of the other hybrids love to hang out at, maybe you could come out of your room and check it out? I think you would like it, you could make some friends and have some people to keep you company."

The brunette steps back a little while still keeping hold of Dream's shirt, shaking his head in response.

"Hmmm, then maybe you could come with me to my office while I worked on that paperwork? I wouldn't be able to talk with you too much since I would need to focus on work but there's a small couch that you could chill on while I got that done. I'm sure it kinda sucks being holed up in here with nothing else to do and nobody to hang out with."

At this the brunette tilts his head up, considering the idea. Dream smiles, knowing he found an alternative that the hybrid was open to. This could also double as exposure to the rest of the shelter and help him feel more comfortable in it if he took it slow enough.

"I could come and get you after I finish these check ups, and we can head to my office to see if you would want to stay there, if not I can bring you back here. My office is a smaller room, but it's my own space, so you wouldn't have to worry about someone else being there." he adds.

After a small pause, George seems to decide on something and faces Dream with more confidence.

"Okay, I'll go with you after you're done then."

With this new arrangement set in place, Dream felt comfortable leaving the brunette to his own devices and knocking out his appointments with relative ease. He realized halfway through his second appointment that he was rushing, and felt a wave of guilt at not giving his patients his full

attention and care, so he settled back into his normal pace to ensure that he wasn't missing anything.

After he finished up he ran over to his office to clean off the couch from its clutter and brought in a smaller throw blanket from a closet before making his way back over to George's room. He knocked and entered as he usually did, finding the brunette sitting on his bed with his notebook.

"Ready to go?" Dream asks.

George nods. "Is your office far?" he asks, eyes showing a hint of hesitance at the unknown.

"Not too far no, it's a bit past the room you were originally in when you came here." he says as he grabs George's key card from off the wall it was hung on, handing the card to the smaller boy.

"Anything you want to grab and bring with you?"

"No, I don't think so... Oh, the pager." he mumbles as he reaches under his pillow to grab the small device.

Dream smiles, happy that the smaller boy finds enough importance in it that he would want to bring it with him.

They eventually make their way over to Dream's office, George sticking to Dream's side much in the same way that he did when they moved to his current room. Though this time the smaller boy was timidly looking around him, taking in the new environment. They made their way over to the office block with no issues, briefly passing Bad in the hallways with a small wave but otherwise a swift and easy walk.

When they get to the door George stays behind Dream, waiting for the blonde to open the door and give him the okay to enter. Inside is a small room with a window, beige paint on all four walls and a white popcorn ceiling. There's a loveseat sized couch under the window and a computer desk next to the door, it's a bit of a tight fit but was cozy.

Dream steps in and stands at his desk, motioning for the smaller boy to come in. "make yourself at home, the couch would probably be the most comfortable but I can bring in a chair if you would prefer that."

"Oh, the couch is fine." he says as he steps in, closing the door behind him.

He makes his way over to the couch and sits, looking around at the rest of the room. Next to Dream's desk was a shelf full of several textbooks and magazines, the top of the shelf had a photo of what George can only assume is his family.

Dream watches out of the corner of his eye as George settles in, making sure the smaller boy is comfortable before he pulls up his files that he needed to sort and fill in.

"Alright I'm gonna start on my work, let me know if there's anything you need ok? I doubt you would like the medical books I have but you're free to read them or use anything in this room. I can get you some books you might like for tomorrow if you want, if you want stuff to read that is. If you don't like reading I can also get you some smaller games, or a tablet to surf the internet or uh-"

The smaller boy huffs in amusement at Dream's ramblings, smiling at the fact that this human cared enough to give him options to entertain himself. "I do like to read, I used to read a lot of those astronomy books that showed images of the universe when I was younger, if you might be able to find something similar. But if not I'll never turn away a good novel. Whatever you would like to bring I'm fine with."

"Oh! Yeah I can definitely grab some books on that, do you have a favorite genre to read?"

"Uhm, I guess fantasy, or romance." he says with a lightly flustered tone. "It's what my first owner had at her house and I read most of those."

"I can find you some with those themes then." he says with a kind smile. "Ok, back to work for real now." he says with a huff, reaching upwards to stretch his back.

Dream spends the next few hours working, George looking through his old textbooks before falling asleep for a nap about an hour in. the brunette made use of the small blue throw blanket that Dream had brought in earlier, which made the blonde grateful that he had grabbed it before he went to get the hybrid.

He knew that hybrids pulled behavioral traits from their animal genes, but it was another thing to actually see those traits being displayed. The brunette having curled up for a cat nap was one of the most adorable things to have happened today, and Dream made sure that he kept his noise levels down as low as he possibly could to make sure he didn't wake the sleeping boy.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the wait!

this wait period will probably fall closer to when I update if I'm being honest just based on my current workload but thank you for sticking around!

I have the story fully outlined now so structure is sound and ready to be deployed :)

also fun fact that's more of a shock fact for me when I realized: I'm at 35 pages in my doc for this fic :O!

Sunny Haze

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rest of the day went off without much issue, they had lunch in the office and hung out for the rest of Dreams shift. When the day was over Dream walked George back to his room and bid him goodnight.

They end up establishing a routine including the office hangouts, with Dream visiting in the mornings for breakfast, leaving to work in the medical wing for whatever appointments were needed, and picking up George from his room to head to the office, where dream would work on whatever was in his daily to-do list while George read on the sofa and napped. Dream was able to find a small stack of astrology related books as well as some classic novels for the hybrid that he brought into the office. He ended up clearing a space on his shelf for George's books, hoping to show him that he had importance in the office just as much as Dream himself did. He also grabbed some notebooks and sketchbooks with some crafting supplies as well on his shopping trip which the brunette surprisingly latched onto immediately.

They would eat most of their lunches in the office as well, with one instance where Dream was even able to get the smaller boy to eat with him in the staff courtyard for some fresh air.

All was going well, with the only hiccup being the weekends. When it came time for Dream to leave for the upcoming weekend, George was already falling into a distressed state, anxiety apparent. In response to this, Dream sat with him for much longer than he usually would after his shift ended, reassuring the hybrid that he would be okay for the upcoming two days.

When the weekend came, George showed signs of lethargy. He ended up staying in bed and barely interacting with Punz when he would come in, only perking up when Dream was put on the phone. He thankfully takes his medicine with no issues but left more food uneaten than he usually would, claiming to not be hungry.

This trend of behavior stuck around over the next three weekends which worried the rest of the staff. Dream managed to convince George to take an hour of therapy with Niki twice a week, which seems to have helped reduce the issue and helped George come more out of his shell. Though the progress was slow going, with a constant push and pull. The first few appointments were a bust, with George refusing to speak, but after a few more appointments things seemed to have gone much smoother with the hybrid seeming to open up more and more each session.

A few more weeks in and he managed to convince George to accompany him to the communal game room to find Punz and deliver some paperwork. Thankfully Niki working with him seemed to have done wonders for his anxieties, with George now being much more comfortable walking with Dream, even in new locations. He still wouldn't leave the taller boy's side but at least he was out and about, not keeping himself isolated in his room or the office. He was still pretty wary of other people, hybrid or otherwise though, so Dream didn't want to force him to interact with anyone just yet. The dirty blonde took to steering clear of the cafeteria during rush times since he knew it was where the most people were likely to be encountered.

On one of those days they were walking through the halls of the building. They were returning from a lunch out in the courtyard, chatting amicably along the way when a large mass of color

slammed into George as he turned the corner. The momentum knocking the brunette to the floor along with whoever had hit him.

“Oh my Gosh! I’m so sorry! I totally didn’t see you there! are you ok?” comes a loud voice, seemingly belonging to the colored blur. George looks to his right where the noise came from, spotting a lanky rabbit hybrid picking himself off the floor while looking in his direction.

“George! You alright buddy?” comes Dream’s belated reaction, stepping towards the smaller hybrid.

George didn’t give any acknowledgement to the dirty blonde, focusing solely on the boy who knocked him to the ground. His ears pinned low to his head, tail lashing around in anger as he pulled himself up to a sitting position and glared at the other hybrid.

“What the fuck were you even doing! Do you seriously not understand the basic concept of walking in a hallway!?” he snapped towards the rabbit hybrid, huffing and picking himself off the floor with sharp annoyed movements. Dream winced at the barbed wording, moving to help George off the floor.

“I-I’m sorry dude, I didn’t see you there. I’m running late to a movie marathon with my friend and was trying to rush, that was my bad. I should have been paying better attention.” the other boy says with a faltering tone, not wanting to look the smaller boy in the eyes for too long. George finally took a moment to look over the other hybrid, he was a slightly taller boy with fluffy light brown hair that curled in random directions. He was wearing a bright hoodie with multicolored patchwork sleeves and a boxed swirl across the chest. His ears matched his hair, standing tall but tipped backwards. The boy was shifting from foot to foot, seemingly nervous from the situation.

The rabbit boy’s visible distress effectively dampened George’s anger, allowing for the smaller boy to take a moment and calm himself down. He glanced at Dream who was watching him with concern, causing the hybrid to let out a low sigh, slumping his shoulders in defeat.

“Look it’s fine, it was an accident. Sorry for blowing up at you.” he huffs out softly, pointedly looking out the window and wrapping his arms around his torso to feel safer.

“I-it’s all good dude. Let’s start over yeah? My name is Karl!” he says smiling while extending his hand out.

“George.” the smaller boy responds, taking Karl’s hand and shaking it before dropping it and withdrawing to Dream’s side.

“Nice to meet you! Oh! If you aren’t busy, would you want to join us on our movie night marathon? We’re gonna be watching the Harry Potter movies! My Friend Skeppy has never seen them so I’m catching him up on such a cultural classic. Those movies were my jam when I was a kid!”

George’s ears flipped forward in interest at the topic, seeming to recognize the name. “Oh, I watched those a lot when I was younger as well, I’ve even visited the train station that has the plaque back in England.”

“No way! Really? That’s amazing! Man, I hope I can go and visit there at some point. So you wanna join?”

At this George paused, falling back into his more timid self and looking back to Dream for assurance.

Dream, sensing George's hesitation steps back into the situation. "If you want to go, you definitely can. Like I said back when you first got here, you're more than welcome to hang out in the social rooms if you want to. You have complete freedom to go wherever you want in this wing."

George silently mulls over the information before turning fully to Dream, "W-will you come with me?" the smaller hybrid stutters out, hoping that the dirty blonde would agree, but knowing that the likelihood wasn't great considering he hadn't finished his work in the office.

"Hmmm, you know what? sure. I didn't have a lot of stuff left to do so I can pass it over to tomorrow." Dream says with a smile.

"Heck yeah! The more the merrier, right this way then!" Karl cheers as he turns towards the hallway and heads in the direction that they had just come from.

They make their way past the courtyard door and into a large room with a huge tv on the wall, a common room of sorts with couches surrounding the area. Behind the couches was a pool table, ping pong table, and foosball table, along with ample amounts of seating. One of the side walls was entirely tinted glass, showing the large outdoor area that was attached. Many of the seating options in the room were created with hybrids in mind, with tall seating areas along the walls for hybrids with tendencies to perch high, and cozy covered little nooks for hybrids who felt comfortable in enclosed areas. On the wall closest to the entrance was a line of vending machines that were filled with various snacks and drinks.

On the couch near the tv was another cat hybrid sitting next to Bad, who had black hair that was cut short and styled off to one side. He was wearing a blue sweater and some baggy sweats, lounging across the back of the couch munching on some popcorn.

As they approached Karl sped up and yelled "Skeppy! Sorry for running so late! I bumped into a new friend though so we have some more people for the Watchathon."

At this, the hybrid, Skeppy, looks up. "Took you long enough! Thankfully Bad passed by and kept me company while I waited or I would have left. You were the one hellbent on making me watch this."

"Language!" chimes in Bad, causing George to jump and flip his ears back to lessen the noise. "Oh! Sorry George, I didn't mean to hurt your ears. It's nice to see you out of your room though!" he cheerfully says.

George hesitantly nods, looking back towards Dream and shuffling closer.

"Well I better get back to work, I hope you guys enjoy your movies!" bad says as he gets up. "Dream are you gonna stick around to watch as well?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty much finished with office work so I figured it would be nice to relax with George for a movie or two. I've never watched Harry Potter so I figured now is as good a time as ever to see what the fuss is about."

"Sounds like a plan then, I'll see you later!" Bad finishes as he takes his leave.

A chorus of "bye"s sounds off at his departure.

"George right? I'm Skeppy. nice to meet you." chimes a voice right next to George, he turns to the cat hybrid standing close, making the brunette take a step back.

“G-george, nice to meet you as well.” he replies, shaking hands with the fellow cat hybrid.

“Let's get this party going!” Karl shouts from in front of the tv, setting up the movie as he starts to hum. Everyone settles into the couch, Karl next to Skeppy and George next to Dream. Karl passes around some snacks and turns out the overhead lights with a remote, allowing for the movie to show up better on the screen.

They make it through two movies before George falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Sudden burst of motivation?? indeed.

while I know that the author of HP is trash, I am of the belief that her assholery shouldn't ruin your childhood memories and happiness towards it, which is how I see the franchise. this is also why I decided to add it in. :)

also if you want a laugh, the amount of times Skeppy was autocorrected to Skimpy was unreal, I'm sorry if one slipped through lmao.

let me know what you think of this chapter in the comments! I read them all and they are the primary fuel for this fic.

Evening Humidity

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up to a nudge on his shoulder, gently prodding him into consciousness. He groaned and snuggled in closer to the warmth that was surrounding him, hoping that he could continue to snooze for a while longer, that the disturbance would leave him be.

He vaguely heard the sounds of people speaking, though what they were saying was lost on him. The voices were muddled and flowed in like waves. He curled up further into the source of heat before sighing out and stalling once again. It seemed that luck wasn't on his side though as the nudging was back, this time more persistent. He slowly started to wake, the voices around him coming more into clarity.

"We'll be heading back to our rooms then, good luck trying not to get scratched." he heard one of the voices say with a lilt of amusement in their voice.

"I'll try not to, you guys have a good rest of your night." comes a voice closer to the hybrid, vibrating what he was sleeping on.

"You too!" comes a different voice.

Soon after that interaction the voices fade off and it goes silent again. George takes the silence as a chance to try and slip back to sleep, however he is once again met with a nudge to his shoulder.

"George, you gotta wake up buddy. We need to get you back to your room, then you can sleep all you want."

George grumbles in annoyance before burrowing further into the warmth, causing what he was squished into to vibrate at the same time that a chuckle came from the voice. The hybrid cracked open an eye in confusion at the strange coincidence, once he was a little more alert, he realized how weird the situation was. He started focusing his vision more, blinking away the blurriness and noticed strings of a hoodie close to his face.

It took the smaller boy a moment to connect the dots, but after a few seconds it clicked that he was lying on someone's chest. At this realization he shot off of the person as well as the couch, tripping over a blanket that was wrapped around him and falling flat on his back, knocking the breath out of himself.

"George! Woah woah it's ok, you're safe. It's Dream, remember? we were watching those Harry Potter movies? you ended up falling asleep. Are you alright? You didn't hurt anything did you?"

George took a moment to blink and look around at his surroundings. He was in the same place that he fell asleep in, though now the lights were dimmed and the sun seemed to have been long gone. He sat up and looked over to Dream, who looked as though he was rubbing sleep out of his own eyes.

"M'okay" he grunted "what time is it?" he stood up and made his way back onto the edge of the couch, wrapping the blanket around himself to combat the sudden chill.

"It's coming up on nine o' clock, I guess we ended up falling asleep at some point during the marathon. Karl was the one who woke me up, they got through three movies before Skeppy fell

asleep on the fourth. And as he put it, if the people the marathon was meant for aren't awake why keep going." he chuckled. "I guess he's setting up another day to finish the series off."

"Oh, ok. Sorry for making you stay so late. Thank you for not just leaving me here on my own with them though." the brunette mutters while scratching the back of his head.

"I really didn't mind sticking around for a little longer so no worries, and I would never just leave you without saying anything. I know how you feel about new people, even if you did seem to get along with those two pretty well." Dream said with a gentle reassurance.

George nodded as the blonde spoke, trying to wake himself up a little more to engage in the conversation better. Dream seemed to catch onto this though and quickly switched gears, "you ready to head back to your room? It's pretty late so I wouldn't blame you for wanting to hurry up and conk out for the night."

"Yeah that sounds good."

They made their way back to George's room, Dream dropping the hybrid off at his door and leaving him to sleep with a farewell. The hybrid quickly changed clothes and shuffled under the bed covers. As the hybrid laid there waiting for sleep to claim him, he couldn't help but let his mind wander to earlier events. He buried his head under the pillow in embarrassment and shame at the position he found himself in when he woke up. He had been laying on top of the taller boy, that much he knew for sure, probably snuggling into him for warmth. George whined while forcing the pillow over his head, squishing it down to trap the noise. He hoped that he hadn't messed anything up with the taller boy.

He knew that many humans got weird with that kind of stuff, remembering how different his second owner acted when he sought out comfort and how the owners after that would treat him in a way that made him never want to seek out attention of any kind from them again.

His first owner, an older woman who took him in as a kid, loved to provide comfort to the hybrid when he needed it growing up. She would hum lullabies and hold him in a motherly embrace, soothing the smaller boy until he felt content. When she had unfortunately passed away, he was moved to a new home though, and he remembers the sharp contrast in his caretakers' ways of doing things. The way that he was shoved away when he looked for security, the hurt and confusion when his new owner seemingly wanted nothing to do with him. 'A birthday gift' he remembered being called, and from his time there, he came to realize it was an unwanted one.

Suffice to say that his past experiences showed him that he shouldn't seek comfort in humans, that his first owner was a fluke, an unconventional owner that taught him incorrect manners and expectations.

Though, knowing Dream gave him hope that he hadn't messed up too badly. The taller boy was more than forgiving for mess-ups that he had made previously, often making them out to not be a huge deal. He was kind, overly tolerant, more than George would have ever expected from a human.

The more he thought about it, the less that he believed that Dream would act negatively. Rational thoughts started to pour back in, quelling his stress as he pulled the pillow away. Dream had been one of the kindest people he had been near in years, he was a lot like his first owner in that way.

Maybe his first owner wasn't as outlandish of a caretaker as he first thought?

George sighed, turning onto his side. He didn't know, things were too much to process right now. He decided to just turn in for the night, he could deal with it tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Gogy getting introspective :)

and also finally starting to replace old mindsets to better benefit his health :D

thank you guys for the amazing comments! also 20K! pog! i have never written this much for a story in my life so thanks for making me improve my literary prowess.

Brisk Mid-day sun

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Just as George had believed the night before, Dream acted just as he normally would. They even ended up watching the rest of the Harry Potter movies with Karl and Skeppy, Bad also sitting with them for one of the movies.

He ended up really enjoying the company of the two hybrids, they clicked well as a group, leading the smaller boy to hang out with them on other occasions as well. The first few meetups he dragged Dream along with him, but the smaller hybrid was able to get to a point where he felt comfortable hanging out with them on his own.

He still spent most of his time in the office, but every now and then Karl would pop in and whisk him away to either one of the hybrids' rooms or to watch a movie if the space was available. They would usually chat or play games, with some instances of Karl calling for sleepovers. Those days ended up with Karl painting everyone's nails, or all of them trying to stay awake the longest. Apparently Karl knew someone in the kitchens as well, because he was always able to get a hold of a pizza or other similar meals for each sleepover without fail.

He had also met a few other hybrids through them, specifically a blond raccoon hybrid by the name of Tommy and a goat hybrid by the Name of Tubbo. They would sit in on some of the movie nights, usually talking amongst themselves or fighting for the last of the candy. They were joined at the hip, the best of friends from what he could tell. You could rarely find one without the other. He had also befriended another cat that went by Antfrost, they ended up getting along almost immediately.

Slowly but surely he was making new friends, feeling safer in the shelter he had been tossed into than ever before. He was also getting closer with Dream, they would talk for hours on end, with dream bringing in new snacks for the smaller boy to try and sticking around later than his shift entailed. They would always eat lunch together, regardless of if he was hanging out with the other hybrids or doing some other activity. It was their block of time that they knew they would see the other, no matter the changes in circumstances that either might experience now or in the future. A reassurance that they would always have time to catch up with the other.

It was during one of these lunches that George decided to test out the conclusion of his thoughts from the first movie night.

Dream and George were out in the staff courtyard for lunch, a simple sub sandwich meal with some chips. They were sitting against the wall of the building side by side, hiding in the shade as they chatted. There was a wide sidewalk that stretched along the wall, providing them with a clean dry spot to eat. It was bright and sunny, the breeze gently flowing, allowing for a calm but slightly chilly atmosphere. The snow that had been a near constant recently had melted away, dampening the ground but letting the grass underneath show through.

Around the time that they had finished eating, George took his plan into action and scooted closer to the dirty blonde. He was hesitant to see how Dream would react, fearing for the worst, but was curious as to if the taller boy would treat him with the same gentle kindness that he had when George had fallen asleep on him. He wanted to feel that warmth and safety again that the blonde

had unintentionally provided him. Which is how he ended up here, taking the risk to see if his rationalizations had been right.

He slowly inched his way closer and closer as they talked, the taller boy thankfully seeming to not notice. Once he was close enough to the blonde, he placed his head on the other boy's shoulder, leaning into him. This made Dream falter in his story before starting back up as though nothing had happened. George was stiff, terrified of being shoved away and left alone. He kept his gaze on the small barren tree in the middle of the courtyard, leaves long gone as the winter month carried on.

When George worked up the courage to look over to the taller boy, he was startled to see a pair of eyes staring right back at him. He had a small smile on his face with eyes that had a look of softness in them. George's cheeks flushed and he looked away, putting on a face of indifference. The dirty blonde chuckled as he continued his story, slightly leaning back into the hybrid as well. As Dream continued to speak, the hybrid slowly got more comfortable and relaxed into him, gently picking at the frayed hem of his sweater and basking in the warmth that the taller boy gave off.

They eventually had to go back in so that Dream could finish his computer work, so George reluctantly moved away and began picking up their trash. They headed straight to the office, with George breathing out in relief at the fact that nothing had changed. No nasty words thrown at him, no reality breaking conversations, no shattering of his perception of the taller boy. It was a wholehearted win for the hybrid, a resurgence of hope that his first owner's attitude towards him was what was meant to be the norm for hybrids. That he had just been dealt a bad set of cards, and had been forced to play them to get newer better cards.

He glances back up as Dream turns the handle to the office door, before heading straight to the couch and laying down once it swung open. He closed his eyes and listened to the taller boy shuffling around, before hearing him clear his throat and softly speak.

"George?"

The hybrid peeks one eye open to look towards him. "hm?"

"Would you be ok with me sitting on the couch with you? You can still sleep, I was just hoping to sit somewhere a little more comfortable." he says with a laptop in his hands, fidgeting in place as he waits for the hybrid to answer.

"Yeah s'fine."

"Awesome, give me one sec to set up and then I'll be quiet so you can nap." he states as he reaches next to the shelf for a small fold out table, setting it in front of the couch. He places the laptop down and brings over his water bottle. As he sets up, George sits back upright, waiting for the blonde to sit down and settle in before he laid back down.

Dream sits down, scooting the table closer and placing his legs underneath, Before looking to George and patting the couch beside him with a kind smile.

George lays back down, settling his head near Dream's leg and curling up. He hears the taller boy start typing before it goes silent again. He looks up to see that the blonde was wearing headphones and watching some kind of presentation video. Dream seemed to have caught the movement from the corner of his eye though because he looked to George and smiled.

The blonde visibly hesitates for a moment before slowly reaching a hand out towards the hybrid

and setting it on top of his hair, softly brushing against it. George tenses, not expecting the touch, and the taller boy pauses.

“This ok?” he asks.

The smaller boy takes a moment to process what was said, before nodding once and slightly turning his head into the cushion underneath him to break eye contact.

With the hybrid’s permission, Dream resumes his ministrations, starting to pet across the smaller boy’s head. Stroking his cat ears and finding a repetitive pattern to stick to. After a while, George scoots his head onto the edge of Dream’s lap, barely resting his head onto the taller boy’s leg, not wanting to push it and risk him stopping. Dream continues stroking fingers through his hair, focusing back on his computer and watching the video he had opened.

George takes a moment watching the video and Dream, slowly growing used to the steady petting across his head. He moves a little further up to get comfortable and starts to give into the drowsiness, falling asleep to the sound of the computer fan whirling away.

Chapter End Notes

A little more fluff to hopefully make your day better.

as always, comments fuel me and I love hearing how you feel about the story so feel free to drop them down below.

also a bookmark on this fic made me realize the fact that you could theoretically say Dr. Dre and it would technically fit to mean Dream since in a sense he is a Doctor lmao.

Okay its 1am soon so I'm off to bed, see ya later dear reader.

Boiling Point Heat

Chapter Summary

TW// panic attack, summary in the notes at the bottom!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next two weeks go by much the same way, with George slowly adjusting to the touches that Dream was much more commonly providing, and with the hybrid slowly growing closer to the friends he had made in his time at the shelter.

Pretty much immediately after the incident in the office, Dream had been going out of his way to give the smaller boy little acts of affection here and there, petting the top of the hybrid's head or giving hugs.

Because of this, George was slowly growing more and more used to the physical touch. The first few times that the dirty blonde had initiated contact, he had flinched back before adjusting to the sensation, but recently he was able to accept and even lean into the comfort that Dream provided.

He was spending more time out with Karl and Skeppy as well in the social areas of the building, playing games with them on the community computers as well as setting up weekly movie nights. Everything was going well, much better than the hybrid could have anticipated.

Honestly, he should have realized that things were too good to be true, that the shoe had yet to drop. And unfortunately that shoe dropping came in the form of actual footfalls, specifically the unfamiliar footsteps drawing closer to the common room that he was currently lounging in.

George had been relaxing on the sofa by the large tv, watching a random series that Karl had been sucked into lately. The common room had been pretty full, with several other hybrids scattered in groups across the room in different corners. The noise level was manageable, a constant hum of background noise in the smaller boy's ears. Dream was in his office on a conference call, supposedly every month he was required to attend them, where he would be briefed on new protocols and such. Because of this George didn't want to bother him for the duration of the meeting, opting to hang out with Karl instead. As he was watching the show, he vaguely clocked the doors opening and a few voices joining the room but paid no mind to it, thinking it was another group of hybrids coming in to hang out. He quickly tuned them out with the rest of the noise, focusing back onto the show. It was some kind of cartoon, though it had more mature themes that you would expect in shows intended for adult audiences. He had been watching with Karl for the past few days and had slowly become more invested in the characters and plot, even going so far as to catch up to where Karl was on his own time.

In this episode the protagonist was finally battling one of the main antagonists, having an emotional yelling match before facing off his adversary. They had just started to go at each other in an overly dramatic fashion when a hand landed on the hybrid's shoulder, causing him to violently jolt at the unexpected contact. He quickly turns his head towards the owner of the hand, finding a

forty something year old stranger looking back at him, a human.

“Well aren't you a cutie, what's your name sweetheart?” the man says before turning to the person behind him, who happened to be Bad, storming in their direction. The young manager looked livid, staring down the man, clearly irritated by something, but before he could get anything out the man started speaking again.

“When is this one going to be available? I'll put down money now to reserve him if I can, it's so rare to find such a pretty little thing like him in a place like this.” he says as he squeezes George's shoulder, making the hybrid tense up and freeze with his eyes wide and a sense of dread filling him.

“I-He's not scheduled for adoption any time soon but that's beside the fact! Sir if you can recall, the documents you signed before going on this inside tour stated that you weren't to interact with any of the hybrids in the facility other than those in the adoption wing. This is a tour to showcase our practices and how our shelter runs, not to look for a hybrid to take home. These hybrids are still in a recovery program and aren't cleared for adoption until-”

“Yeah yeah I get that I guess but how's it so wrong to look around, you're selling them eventually anyways. What's the harm in seeing what our options are, ain't that right cutie?” the man says, trying to pull George closer towards him. This causes the hybrid to snap out of his frozen state, ears flattening and breath picking up before trying to pull himself out of the creep's grasp. This caused the man's hand to hold on tighter and pull the hybrid back down towards him, which sets off a panic in the smaller boy and triggered him to fight back even harder.

“FUCKING LET GO!!” George snarls, digging his nails in and using his full strength to rip himself away from the couch and the human. The man releases him in shock at the outburst, causing George to fall into the small coffee table, knocking out his breath and causing a sharp pain to ripple up his side, before he sprints into one of the burrow styled seating areas.

“George!” he hears distantly, though he's struggling to register what's going on, things were starting to go fuzzy. He curls up into a small ball and squishes himself into the corner of the small enclosed space. He tried to control his breathing but was failing miserably, gasping in and out for breath. He couldn't really hear anymore, the usual noise filled with a loud ringing and the sound of his own heartbeat. His only sense that was still working enough to focus on was his vision, he kept his gaze trained on the entrance to the small space. There was a small blueish colored curtain that was closed halfway, he cursed himself for not closing it when he ran in here but knew he wouldn't be able to go near it now. Someone could be waiting just out of sight waiting to drag him out and take him.

And just as he thought of it, his fear of someone being right out of sight ended up being a reality. A large mass moved right in front of the entrance, leaning down and grabbing the curtain. George reacted immediately, terrified of being dragged out. He let out a loud growl, as loud as he possibly could, angling himself towards the small entryway ready to sink his teeth into whoever tried to come for him. His arms felt numb, he was cold, violently trembling and trying to get enough air in, but he couldn't pass out, not now. If he did now he would be irreversibly fucked, who knows where he would be when he woke up. If he lashed out at a human, the people here weren't going to appreciate that, it looked bad for their business so they would need to get rid of him right? That's what he had seen before coming here at the first shelter he had gone to. Why would this be different?

Another mass of legs passed by the entrance, George letting off another snarl in warning, everything was too much, he desperately wanted Dream to be here, to let him hide away in the

office, to curl up in his blanket on the couch. The brunette's eyes were starting to blur, warm tears finally making their way down his cheeks.

Where was Dream?

Chapter End Notes

>:3c I lured you in with fluff, but you have fallen for my trap.

as always, comments fuel me to write so let me know what you think lol. sorry for the cliffhanger! (or am I?)

also I'm running out of good chapter names for the sadder chapters so bear with me.

Summary for those who skipped the chapter:

George is hanging out with Karl in the common room while Dream is in a conference call, and during the show they were watching a small private tour passes through that George doesn't notice until its too late. this creep grabs Georges shoulder and spews a bunch of stuff about trying to adopt him, and Bad steps in reprimanding the dude for breaking protocol for touring the staff and patient areas. but the guy is an ass and essentially sends George into a panic attack where he flees to a small nook where he's hoping Dream shows up soon to take him to safety.

Singed Sunrise

Chapter Summary

partial tw for the tail end of a panic attack, though its pretty much nothing so I wouldn't worry too much about it this time around. but just in case you want nothing to do with it I wanted to add this little message :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Dream came into the room he immediately zeroed in on Karl. The lanky hybrid was sitting next to where he was told George was hiding.

He had been in the middle of his conference when Quackity threw open the door, explaining the situation as they rushed back towards the common room. Quackity was one of the staff members that monitored the social wing, making sure that everyone had what they needed and preventing fights or any similar occurrences.

When he first came into the room it was dead silent, any hybrids still in the common room were either whispering amongst themselves away from the chaos or were trying to make themselves less noticeable while keeping an eye over the situation. The tour group that had come through was long gone, Bad most likely cancelling it and dealing with the legal aspects.

Karl looked up as they approached and rushed towards the dirty blonde in a hurry, visibly in distress.

“Dream! Finally, I wasn't sure what I was gonna do.” he rushes out while grabbing Dream's arm and pulling him towards where George was.

“He won't let anybody go near him, I tried to go inside to help but he started growling as soon as I got close.”

“Alright, I figured that would be the case, I'll try and talk him down. Do you want to hang out with Quackity while I calm him down? I know you probably don't want to leave until you see that he's ok, but it looks like he doesn't want anyone near him when he's in this state.”

“Y-yeah, I want to make sure. I should have stopped that guy, I just sat there like an idiot...” Karl murmurs, shuffling closer to Quackity as he spoke, the latter opening his arms in preparation for an embrace to sooth the hybrid.

“No there's no need to think like that, you aren't at fault for this. It was the jackass who started this in the first place that's at fault. I know that George doesn't blame you for any of this, it's not something that you should feel responsible for.”

There was a brief pause of silence before Karl spoke, “You're right, you're right.. I'll be here when you get him to come out.” Quackity takes the end of conversation as an out and leads the lanky boy over to the couch to wait.

Dream walked over to the opening of the small seating nook, reaching out to knock on the wall of the enclosed space, but before he could tap the wood of the structure, a loud and desperate sounding growl came from inside. At this Dream stilled, not wanting to stress the smaller boy out any further.

“George? Can I come in? It's Dream. They let me know what happened... My friend said you fell into the table when you ran over here, are you hurt?” the dirty blonde gently asks, patiently waiting for a response. He could hear labored breathing inside, the hybrid most likely dealing with a panic attack. When no answer came, he sighed and decided to sit down next to the opening. He made sure he was in sight of the hybrid but avoided eye contact so that the smaller boy didn't find him to be a threat. When he started moving again, George let out another loud snarl, most likely thinking that someone was coming in. Dream settled down and pulled his legs up to his chest, getting comfortable. He figured it wouldn't be that bad of an idea to do what he used to do before, filling the silence with stories. Helping pull the pressure and attention away from George, So that's what he did.

He talked about what his conference call was about, about what he liked and didn't like about the changes in policy, before switching to random stories of things that had happened to him all the way back into his childhood, reaching for any kind of topic to continue speaking. He was periodically glancing into the small space to check on the smaller boy, at first there wasn't much change in the hybrid's behavior, but after roughly fifteen minutes of patience he noticed George slowly regaining his breath. He was still visibly shaken and not fully grounded to reality but it was a step up from where they were before. He carried on for a little while longer before deciding to try again with speaking to the hybrid. He calmly turned his body around to face towards the opening, looking into the space and finding the brunette's small form.

“How are you feeling buddy?” He waits a moment for an answer but gets none, George was curled up in the corner of the space, partially hidden by some throw pillows. He was avoiding eye contact, still trembling but much less so than previously.

“Would you be ok with me joining you in there?”

That immediately got a reaction, with George tensing up in alarm, violently shaking his head.

“That's ok, I won't go in then. But I want to make sure you're ok, can you nod and shake your head to my questions instead?”

It takes a moment for the smaller boy to respond but he eventually nods once.

“Ok, thank you. First question then, did you get hurt when you ran over here to hide?”

There was a brief pause before a reluctant nod, the smaller boy curling closer to the wall.

“Ok, and can you tell me how bad it is? Is it something you need me to look at right away?”

George pauses before shaking his head. And Dream leaves it at that, making sure to validate his answers and show trust.

“Alright that's good to know, we can look those over later, do you want me to take you back to your room?”

The hybrid tenses back up, ears flicking back, obviously distressed over something. So Dream waits, lets him work through his thoughts. Eventually the smaller boy looks over to him, clearly emotionally and mentally exhausted but still fearful.

"I-i don't want to go w-with that guy. don't make me leave." he tearfully utters out in a small but hoarse voice, and Dream immediately rushes to reassure him.

"You aren't, I promise. That guy who messed with you is long gone, Bad probably even banned him from stepping foot in here again. You're safe, nobody's gonna take you from here."

"B-but" he warbled, having to swallow and try again. "But, you're going to make me leave soon right? S-sell me to someone?" The hybrid looked defeated and sorrowfully resigned, tears rolling down his face as he trembled.

"I-" dream paused, trying to figure out how he wanted to go about this topic. He felt horrible seeing the smaller boy crying, but he knew if he didn't stay honest with the hybrid that he could lose all of the trust they had built up. "once you get better, then you would be cleared for adoption yes, but--"

At this George hiccups, trying to push himself further into the corner of the space while rapidly shaking his head with a small whimper. The blonde's heart ached watching, he dejectedly sighed, debating how to best word things.

"Georgie.. It's going to be a long time before that happens though, and people like that horrible asshole earlier won't ever have a chance to adopt here. There's a huge screening process that we do here to make sure that the hybrids here go to the best homes. And--"

As he was explaining, George was shaking his head repeatedly. Dream doubted he was even fully listening, more focused on the idea of leaving than wanting information. So he switched gears, hoping to comfort the smaller boy.

"If you'd like, I can see if they would let me override that policy so that you could choose whether or not you were ready to be adopted. That way you won't have to leave until you were ready to." he offers, hoping to quell the brunette's worries.

" 'Don't want to leave' he murmurs.

" Okay, then I'll try and make sure you can stay here as long as you need. That guy isn't going to take you away, don't worry, that much I can promise you.. Did you want me to take you to your room? You didn't really answer earlier, you can stay here longer if you'd like to as well, I just want you to know you have the option to go to the room too if that makes you more comfortable."

George takes a moment to process the sentence before starting to shake his head in reply. " 'wanna stay."

"That's perfectly fine, do you want me to stay here too? Or do you want me to leave you alone for a bit? I can stay in the room and give you some space as well, so that if you need me I'll be right there for you to call to."

George stays silent, seemingly going over his options. He was slowly calming back down, with his tears starting to lessen into watery eyes. He looked up after a moment, glancing at Dream before looking away. He finally takes a deep breath, grabbing a throw pillow next to him and speaking.

"Y-you can come in if you want, don't wanna be alone." he says with a sniffle.

"Okay, I'll join you then. If you want me to leave at any time just say the words and I'll move back outside, ok?"

"...Okay."

Dream scooted his way into the nook, making sure not to loom over George at any point. Though it seemed that it was an unnecessary precaution this time around, because as soon as he had settled in next to George, the smaller boy immediately moved closer to the dirty blonde, slowly inched his way over towards his side. He gently leaned against the taller boy, seeking comfort as he calmed down. Dream made sure to stay as still as he could, letting the smaller boy set his boundaries where he needed them.

After a while of idly sitting, George started to relax again. It was apparent that the smaller boy was getting drowsy, most likely from the emotional drain. Dream debated letting him fall asleep where they were tucked away but knew that the common room could get loud when mealtimes ended, so he decided to coax the hybrid into going back to his own room. Thankfully George agreed to the change in environments with no issues now that he was feeling a little better, so they abandoned the smaller nook, Dream leaving first, and helping George out once he was standing. They made their way over to the couch where Karl was still seated to talk with them before they left, the lanky hybrid was immediately fretting over George with the smaller boy seeming to tolerate the attention. Thankfully George picked up on Karl's misplaced guilt and reassured the bunny hybrid immediately, though Karl was insistent on making it up to him at some point. The smaller boy had to reluctantly agree to a surprise gift later.

After they settled everything with Karl, they made their way out into the hall. George was leaning heavily against Dream's side, turning his head into the taller boy's torso. Dream chuckled at the smaller boy's actions, gently wrapping his arm around the brunette to better help him stand, making sure not to add too much pressure to him. They walked down to the housing wing and eventually to George's door, the dirty blonde using his staff access card to enter.

Dream walked the smaller boy over to his bed, helping the brunette lay down. He grabbed the remote and turned on the tv for some ambient noise, hoping that the low volume would help the hybrid relax further. Once he had made sure the smaller boy settled in, he turned to grab some water, but was stopped by a tug on his shirt. The small action was very reminiscent of before, what seemed like forever ago when he had returned to the shelter from his first weekend off. Though things differed drastically this time around when he turned around and was met with eyes full of fear, ears tipped down to the sides in a display of discomfort.

"C-could you stay a little longer?" the brunette stuttered out, looking as though he was expecting to be denied like the last time he had asked. Dream's eyes softened at this, guilt pooling in his stomach for even letting the smaller boy believe that he would be leaving him alone after everything that happened today.

"Of course I can, let me grab your chair real quick so I can sit." he reassures as he pulls away a bit to go for the desk chair, but is stopped yet again when he still feels resistance. He looks back to see the hybrid looking away slightly ruffled, still holding on tightly to his shirt.

"You can just sit on the bed, don't worry about the chair." he quietly mutters.

"Are you sure? I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

In response George releases his grasp on the shirt and lays back down, pushing his blanket to the side to allow for Dream to sit in the empty spot next to him. This causes Dream's lip to twitch into a small smile, accepting the place to sit. He opens up his phone, messaging Bad to let him know the situation. Though as he's typing he watches from his peripheral as George turns towards him and stares towards the blonde's vicinity. He seems to debate over something before hesitantly reaching out and pulling Dream's hand onto his head, causing the taller boy's eyes to widen a bit in

surprise before chuckling as he starts to pet across George's hair. He continues to do so until the smaller boy is lulled to sleep by the gentle attention.

Chapter End Notes

I figured you needed some resolution kinda quickly lmao, so speedy update!

I was cackling at the comments last chapter, but alas, no need to fly out windows or throw hands

thank you as always for reading, I did not expect this little fic to go anywhere so thank you for all the kudos, bookmarks and comments. they keep me sane in these trying times.

we've nearly hit the halfway point! and don't worry about me disappearing after this fic finishes, I have another fic in the works. this time we get dogboy dream lol.

see you next chapter!

51 pages on my google doc, hot momma

Clouded Frost Wedging

Chapter Summary

TW// brief mention of injury, but very very minor stuff.

Also if you are worried about the chapters shrinking i just combined some chapters that made sense to flow together! all of the previous content is exactly as it was, just less chapters to show for it so don't worry!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George wakes up with a nasty headache, the temples of his head throbbing in protest to even the idea of getting out of bed. He had the blankets covering his eyes thankfully, so the light hadn't contributed any more to the problem. Consciousness came to him in small waves, bit by bit he started registering the faint noises around him, sluggishly regaining movement in his limbs. He shifts to lay on his side before tensing in pain and falling onto his back again, his entire right side felt as though it had been hit by a bus. He reaches a hand over to the affected area and gently prods the tender flesh of his ribs before wincing. Definitely bruised, though he's had to deal with worse before so he doesn't let it affect him that much.

He pushes the blanket off of his face, making sure not to use his right side too heavily for the time being. The smaller boy starts to sit himself up before freezing in place, right next to him was the sleeping form of Dream. The taller boy was curled up next to the hybrid, phone falling out of his hand as though he had fallen asleep while scrolling through it. George slowly laid back down, turning to face the other.

He took some time to really look at the blonde, taking in all the details that he could while the other was still sleeping. He had never really gotten the chance to search across the taller's features before, not wanting to be caught staring.

Dream had a small constellation of freckles spattered across the bridge of his nose, the color of them slightly tanner than his skin, causing them to nearly blend in. He also seemed to have a small faded scar on the corner of his jaw, small but ever so slightly indented in. His hair was long enough now to partially cover the lids of his eyes when he didn't push it out of the way, the light tinted caramel color falling into natural waves that framed the blonde's face.

George laid there for a bit, relaxing in the near silence of the room and watching the steady rise and fall of the other's chest. The calm was a welcome change of pace when compared to the hellish situation that the morning brought on. He sighed, recalling the talk of adoption. The hair rose on the back of his neck just thinking of the idea, he'd like to see them try. Even if it meant getting on the bad side of everyone here he would raise hell and fight back with all that he had if he was put up for adoption. He wasn't going anywhere if he could help it.

The smaller boy was pulled from his thoughts when dream shifted in his sleep, letting out a soft puff of air as he settled back in. George watched with trepidation, hoping that the blonde would continue to sleep for a while longer, he didn't want to deal with the real world just yet.

He looked over to the clock on his desk, a few hours had passed. 1pm is what the discolored

numbers read, he assumed the color had to be red based on the shade of muddy brown it was, though he couldn't be sure. They had missed lunch then, he didn't really mind, he wouldn't have been able to bring himself to eat anything after all that had happened.

The hybrid thought back to Dream's actions earlier, the way that the blonde didn't overstep his boundaries, waited for George to give the ok for him to come closer even while they were on closer terms. Let the smaller boy establish the pace that they went, making sure that he knew that he was able to backtrack if he felt overwhelmed. It was a breath of fresh air to say the least, being able to have a say in what happened around him in such a stressful situation.

George was so caught in his musings that he didn't notice the hand slowly coming towards him until it landed on his head. He jolted out of his thoughts and looked up to see Dream smiling at him from the spot he had been laying previously, blinking the sleep out of his eyes.

"You know I can almost hear you thinking," the taller boy joked as he stroked across the hybrid's hair. "How are you feeling?"

"Better, a lot better." the smaller boy answers as he leans into the touch, relaxing into the gentle ministrations.

"That's good to hear, do you think you'd be up to me looking over your injuries?"

"Yeah, that's fine." George says as he pushes himself up.

"Where did you end up getting hurt? My friend said you hit the coffee table so I'm guessing a few bruises at least right?" the blonde says as he shuffles to the edge of the bed.

"Y-yeah, I'm pretty sure my side is really bruised. My head hurts a lot too, right here." he says as he points to the base of his head. "I don't remember hitting it though, but that's all I can feel being wrong."

"You were probably running too high on adrenaline to feel the hit at the time is what I'm assuming happened with your head, lets see how bad it is. Could you take off your sweater so that I can check the bruising?"

George nods and removes his top, flinching in pain when he lifts his arms above his head but pushing through the discomfort and scooting closer to the edge of the bed to let the taller boy get a better look at the damage.

While Dream waits, he assesses the hybrid's injuries visually. Wincing as he sees the bruises for the first time, the right side of George's torso sporting some mottled purple marks across his ribs reaching towards his shoulder. The poor guy must have slammed into that table to get bruises this bad, he mentally notes to himself to grab some pain killers once he had the chance.

"Are you ok with me touching you to take a closer look?"

The hybrid reluctantly nods, turning his injured side towards dream while muttering under his breath. "Just be gentle, it hurts enough as it is."

"Of course, let me know if you need me to stop at any point ok?" he says as he reaches for the smaller boy.

"Okay"

Dream takes some time to look everything over before thankfully concluding that the worst of his injuries were the bruises. He helps George put his sweater back on before coercing the smaller boy back into bed to rest. Remembering that he needed to grab some medication for the brunette, he stands up with a soft grunt, turning towards George.

"I'm gonna go grab some pain killers and food for you, I'll be back in a few minutes." he chirps out, watching the hybrid for his response as he gestures to the door. Though the response isn't quite what he was expecting. He watches as George's face falls, the smaller boy rips himself out from under his covers in a rush. He's at Dream's side in the blink of an eye, stepping closer to the blonde as his anxiety seemed to flare up while he was speaking.

"I-I can go with you, I'm not even really in that much pain it's fine."

Dream is momentarily taken aback by the swift switch in behavior, but quickly recovers and goes to reassure the brunette, but George was refusing to lay back down, insisting on joining him. Dream decides that the best course of action would probably be to bring him along to quell his anxieties, so they set out shortly after.

It had been nearly two weeks since the incident in the common room, and things for the most part returned to normal. Well with the exception of one thing, that one thing being that George essentially refused to leave Dream's side. Any time that Dream wasn't required to be in the medical wing, George was glued to his side. The brunette was perfectly fine with hanging out with others, even in the common room, but he would only ever go if Dream was willing to accompany him. At first this wasn't much of an issue, with everyone expecting the smaller hybrid to stay close to what he deemed to be safety, but it got to the point where George refused to even go to his weekly therapy sessions if it meant that Dream wouldn't be with him.

The issue really became apparent when it came time for Dream's scheduled days off, George was at the worst he had ever been that weekend. He refused to eat, even with Dream on the line asking for him to. When Punz would come in to bring him food he wouldn't respond, seemingly worse off than any other time that he had been in the shelter. Niki tried to console him, hoping to pull him out of his mental decline with reason and structure but wasn't successful in her attempts.

Niki was good at her job, she had been working with Hybrids in therapy for years at this point, and she could tell pretty much immediately what set off this behavior in George. The problem is that she didn't know how to remedy the situation without Dream relinquishing his days off for who knows how long as they slowly eased George into the routine of Dream leaving for the weekends again. That just wasn't possible in this situation, it was against company policy on the grounds of people getting into huge trouble for the overtime. So instead Niki went to work, she took all the information she had at her disposal and came up with a workaround plan. She spent the majority of the weekend and the following weekdays that Dream had returned working through and revising her idea, ensuring that she had looked at every possible variation, every base covered. And once she had finished it she immediately went to Bad to have him look over the Programme she had created, asking him for permission to set it in motion. Thankfully Bad was all for the idea, filling out and finalizing the paperwork for a trial through HR. All that was left to do was to speak to Dream, so she made her way over to the Dirty blonde's office, files in hand and a bounce in her step.

She arrived at the door to his office and knocked before opening the door and peeking in. George was on the sofa reading a book, while Dream was sitting at his desk seemingly filling out patient

files in the database. He looked over to Niki as she stepped in, a question most likely on the tip of his tongue, but before he could ask Niki spoke up.

“Hey Dream, could I speak to you alone for a moment? It's important.”

Chapter End Notes

Hmmmmmm wonder what Niki has under her sleeve >:)

as always comments fuel my passion on this fic, so feel free to scream your woes down below.

THANK YOU FOR THE 10K HITS love you guys to the moon and back <3

Also if you need an explanation for the chapter title, frost wedging is when water freezes and thaws over and over again, which can cause rocks to be under enough stress to break and fall apart :D

the chapter was more of a bridge between this last arc and the upcoming one, so get ready for a new thing coming up

Evening Thunderstorm

Chapter Notes

The chapters look weird I know! but i promise you are up to date! I just combined a few chapters to help with the flow of the fic. uwu

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Hey Dream, could I speak to you alone for a moment? It's important.”

At this Dream's attention was fully grabbed, the blonde was confused by the haste at which she relayed the info, immediately starting to worry that something had gone wrong. Maybe it was a hybrid that required treatment right away.

“Yeah sure, let's go out to the hallway. I'll be back in a second George.” he says as he stands up, looking towards the hybrid as he went towards the door. George was sitting upright, fully alert and watching them as they spoke. When Dream went to leave the room the smaller boy seemed to get fidgety, likely nervous from the situation.

He smiled, hoping to reassure the brunette with the gesture. As he left the office he closed the door behind him, smile dropping as he refocused his attention on Niki.

“What happened? Is everything ok?” he questioned.

“Everything is fine don't worry, but I have something that I needed to speak to you about regarding George. So, you know how he gets when you leave for the weekends right? Well I think I found a way to work around that with the added benefit of getting him used to the idea of adoption at the same time.”

Dream's eyes widened a fraction from the info, a strange sense of unease overcoming him at the idea of George being adopted, he pushed the feeling aside to work through later as he clears his throat to speak.

“Ah, that sounds pretty good, what exactly is this way that you found though?” he nervously asks.

“So, the past week I've been working on a trial programme, Bad already okayed it and it went through to HR with no issue so we've been greenlit to try it out. Basically the idea is that we can have someone take temporary custody of a hybrid from our shelter and essentially foster that hybrid in a safe and calm home environment. That way hybrids could adjust to living with humans in a non-toxic environment and gain a much more realistic idea of what their living situation would be like when they were adopted. I know a lot of hybrids here have been in horrible living situations before, whether that be abusive households or even fighting and breeding rings, and because of that they have inaccurate or skewed ideas of what to expect when they find new homes here. This programme could help offset that mentality, and I know that George only really trusts you right now. I know you care about him a lot as well so I wanted to ask you if you would be willing to enter the programme? It would mean that he could go home with you on the weekends and when you left work everyday. Obviously you can say no to this and we could look into another-”

“-No, that's not necessary, I'll do it. Of course I would do it.” Dream cuts her off. “I have a spare

room that I could convert into a bedroom for him, though I would need to furnish it first since its an office right now.' he hesitates as he finishes his sentence, before taking a breath in. "This sounds like an amazing programme, but obviously I want to talk to George about it first. I don't know if he'll agree with the idea ,and if he feels more comfortable here I want him to have that option."

"That's perfectly fine, let me know what he says. I'll send the Details to your email so that you can look through it in your own time, it has a more complete overview with all the finer details that you would need to know. I'll go ahead and let you go back to him now though."

Dream lets out a puff of air, the sides of his lips quirking up in a small smile. "I'll let you know what he decides as soon as I can. You better know that I appreciate you more than I could ever express."

Niki snorts, turning around and walking away, she raises a hand up in a passive wave goodbye as she turns the corner. "you'd better."

----- George POV -----

As soon as the door closed George immediately stood up, the book he was reading completely forgotten. Dream seemed unnerved by Niki's presence for some reason, and that naturally made the hybrid worried in turn.

What were they talking about that Niki had to specifically ask for Dream to speak with her alone? Was it about him? That had to be the reason, why else would they not be able to speak about it with him in the room.

The smaller boy started to pace in the space between the desk and couch, debating on whether or not he wanted to risk cracking the door open to eavesdrop on the conversation. He felt his anxiety rise the longer he was in silence, he knew that the lack of information would leave him worse off in the long run, it made more sense to listen in. It probably wasn't as bad as he was thinking it to be right? He was probably overreacting. The hybrid continued to pace for a moment before deciding *fuck it*.

He crept closer to the door, listening intently for anyone who might be near. After a brief moment he deemed it clear to continue. He gently grasped the door handle, pulling it down at a painfully slow pace. Once he heard the faint 'click' of the mechanism, he ever so slightly nudged the door open to where a sliver of light came through, two voices coming into clarity from nearby. Their voices were low, causing the hybrid to need to press his ears to the small opening. As he listened in he started to piece together the topic of conversation, though instead of gaining a sense of comfort from it like he had intended, he started to feel his stomach drop.

"- custody of a hybrid from our shelter and essentially foster that hybrid in a safe and calm home environment. That way hybrids could adjust to living with humans in a-"

George leaned away from the door, heart thundering in his chest with a looming dread as he listened for a brief moment more before he closed the door just as silently as he had opened it. So they were going to put hybrids from here with people outside of the shelter then? Were they planning on putting him in one of these homes? That's all it could be right? Why else would he not be allowed to be in the room while they talked about it. There couldn't be any other reason otherwise right?

He knew that the home environment thing was probably aimed at him because of the small bit of

his past that he had ended up telling Niki in his sessions, but he never could have predicted that she would use that information to sort him into a group of hybrids that would be forced to leave the shelter.

He started to tremble as he headed back towards the couch, a sense of betrayal taking over as his eyes started to fill with tears, blurring his vision. It really seemed like nothing could go right for him could it? He grabbed the blanket on his couch- or rather the office couch. He berated himself, it wasn't his and never would be, he shouldn't have even given himself the chance to think that way. He made his way over to the filing cabinet, pushing it far enough away from the corner of the room to squeeze his way into the small space that it had created, curling up into a ball and hugging his knees. He waited in silence for a few minutes, dreading the moment that the door would open again. he didn't want to deal with this right now.

As much as he willed it not to, the door opened. George refused to look up. He waited with baited breath as Dream came back into the office, trying to keep himself from making any noise. He wasn't scared, but he was sad, or maybe devastated was the better word for it. the way one might feel if everything was taken from them without a chance to prepare beforehand. There was a brief pause where the taller boy seemed to realize that something was off. Heavy silence returning for a moment as a shadow passed in front of the window near the couch. The silence didn't last long though, as he heard the blonde inch closer.

"George?"

Chapter End Notes

I'm evil I know, love you guys <3 (for real though its challenging to write a character with fresh traumas in a way that isn't a downer of a back and forth battle lol)
also 12k hits! thank you!
comments fuel my motivations for this fic and are always a welcome sight!

Midnight Breakage

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream opened the door to find that George wasn't on his couch as he usually was. He walked further in, closing the door and sweeping the room for any trace of the brunette. He immediately realizes that the filing cabinet was moved, and takes notice of George's blanket spilling out from behind it.

"George?" he calls out.

The blanket shifts, though it's pulled further into the small nook that George had created. Dream takes a moment before deciding to slowly make his way over to the hybrid, taking his time to give George time to stop him or prepare himself.

"You ok Georgie? What's going on?"

Once he was able to get a good look at the brunette he started to worry, George was sitting in the small space curled into himself as he stared towards the floor in front of him. There were tears built up along his eyelashes, seemingly about to fall. He quietly takes a seat across from the hybrid, making sure to keep a distance. The brunette's shoulders raise in anticipation of what might happen next, ears tilting down in discomfort. They sit in silence for a bit, neither moving. Eventually Dream decides to speak up, "Hey what's wrong? Did something happen?"

"Stop talking like that, you know exactly what happened." the hybrid wetly spat out, taking the blonde by surprise at the hostility.

"I- what?"

George looked at Dream, hurt apparent in his eyes as he spoke. "Don't 'what' me, you're trying to get rid of me with that stupid foster program thing that she has. I get that I'm hard to deal with but really, you couldn't just tell me to my face? I trusted you! but of course yet again that's proved to be a mistake. Yet again I'll be tossed out to be someone else's issue." George hiccupped, tears starting to fall as he stared down Dream with a wavering glare.

"Woah woah wait, getting rid of you? Where did you get that? That's not what's happening at all. Hey, please listen to me, you aren't being 'tossed out' or anything like that." he stressed, reaching out to comfort the smaller boy before stopping himself.

"Don't lie to me! I heard Niki talking about sending hybrids here away, why else would she need to tell you without wanting me to hear if I wasn't who she meant." he hoarsely sobbed out caving in on himself as he trembled.

"George, wait no, you don't have the full story. Yes she was talking about you but she didn't mean that you would be put with some random stranger. She was asking me if I would join the programme. She saw how sad you would get when the weekends would come around so she set this up so that you could come with me when I left work. Obviously you don't have to agree to this and you can stay here just like you were before. But she wanted to give you the option to come with me if you wanted to." Dream explained as he timidly reached out for the hybrid's hand, grasping onto it and soothing his thumb over the back repeatedly in small circles.

"W-wait what?" he hiccupped, using his other hand to push the tears from his vision.

Dream took a moment to compose himself, looking the smaller boy in the eyes before speaking. "If you were comfortable with it, then I could bring you with me to my apartment when I leave from here everyday. You would have your own room with complete privacy, and you could do whatever you'd like there. You could be with me there over the weekends as well, I won't be mad if you don't want to do that though. You can also choose to stay here like you have been already. The only way you would be in Niki's programme is if you chose to come home with me, you won't be put with anybody else, I promise."

With those words George slumped, all of the fight in him falling away in an instant. He clumsily pushed himself forward, falling into Dream's chest for comfort as he wept. Dream wrapped his arms around the smaller boy immediately, burying his face into the brunette's hair and murmuring reassurances as he held him close. George sank into the embrace, worming his way upward to bury his head into the space between his neck and shoulder as he calmed himself down.

"It's ok, I've got you, you aren't going anywhere." Dream muttered as he ran his fingers through the brunette's hair in a soothing pattern. They sat there for a good ten minutes as George calmed down, cries fading into sniffles. Once George regained his composure, Dream helped guide him back to the couch. He grabbed the blanket from the floor and wrapped him up, making sure to stay close. As soon as they had sat down on the couch, George shuffled back into Dream's arms, pushing them into the cushioned arm of the couch in a half upright half laying down position. The room fell silent once again, the only sounds being the whirring of the computer fan and the gentle breeze against the window. George shifted so that he was laying more across the taller boy's chest, squishing his face into Dream's thin hoodie as he listened to the other's steady heartbeat.

The silence was briefly interrupted by the soft ping of his laptop on the desk, George's ears flicking towards the noise before relaxing into their usual position on his head.

Dream quickly remembered that Niki had mentioned emailing the details to him, which was most likely what that notification was, so he quickly pulled out his phone and logged into his work email from there. He didn't want to get back up after George had just gotten comfortable so he opted for mobile to work around it. Sure enough it was an email from Niki with a PDF document attached, after checking that George was okay, he opened the file and started to read.

A few minutes into his reading George shifted so that he was looking up towards the blonde from his chest. He looked exhausted, most likely the result of all of those emotions he had run through earlier. He stared at the taller boy until Dream gave him his full attention.

"You'd better take me with you this weekend, if you don't I am going to raise absolute hell." he mutters with a stuffed up voice, gently curling his tail across the other's leg as he spoke. Dream chuckles, "I'll make sure everything is set up for this Saturday then." he says as he looks at George, meeting his eyes to make sure he conveyed his emotions clearly to the smaller boy. They look at each other for a moment longer before George speaks up again, "sorry for assuming earlier, I made things messier than they needed to be."

"Don't be sorry, yeah there was a bit of miscommunication but that doesn't invalidate your feelings. Never be sorry for expressing what you feel okay?"

there was a brief pause before George answered.

"Okay."

George turns his face away and relaxes into the blonde again, so Dream goes back to reading the document. He doesn't get very far before he's distracted by a soft vibration against his chest. He stops what he's doing and puts more effort into listening intently, and once he catches it he feels

sheer unadulterated joy bursting through him as he listens to the faintest presence of a purr coming from the brunette. This was the first purr ever that he had heard from the smaller boy since he had met him. Dream's eyes water a bit, a huge smile making its way onto his face.

He really would fight the world for this boy, wouldn't he?

Chapter End Notes

gonna be honest I made myself cry lmao.

thank you as always for reading, 13K Hits! WOOO also 30K words! WOOOO
comments fuel me so let me know what you think!

As for the chapter title I meant breakage as in the overcast weather is finally breaking away, but wanted to scare you when you first read it. >:)c

Moss Dampened Haze

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Okay that should be the last of the paperwork! All that's left to do is get his tags made and then get a collar. You're free to take any of the collars we use for adoptions if you'd like.” came the bubbly voice of Dream's friend Bad.

“Thank you but I'll pass, I want to get one that has a different texture than a traditional collar. Something with a softer lining, I know he's not gonna like having to wear them again so I want to make it as smooth a transition as I possibly can. I'll ask him today for preferences on all of that but I'll head over to the tag machine for now.”

“Makes sense, I'll let you get to that then! Let me know if you need anything else to help and I'll try my best to work something out. Are you still good with hanging out later tonight on Bedwars?”

“Yeah of course, and I'll let you know if anything comes to mind. Thank you for helping me get all of this done so quickly, I owe you one.”

“Oh hush, there's no need to thank me for something so small. Go on, I'm sure you want to get back to George as soon as you can.” Bad amusedly huffed.

Dream snorts, “Okay okay I'm going, what's with all of you guys saying that recently anyways?”

Bad chuckles, “I don't think that needs explaining really, you won't see one without the other. You two are inseparable recently.”

“Har har, alright I'm out of here, talk to you later!” he loudly announces as he briskly walks out the door, pointedly ignoring the fading giggles of his friend. It had been two days since Niki had told him about the programme, two days since George asked that he go home with Dream this weekend. Dream went out and bought new furniture as soon as he had left work that first day, and cleaned out the previous office room the next day, setting all the furniture up and moving his computer set up to his own room.

All that was left to do was to create his ID tag and pick his collar, along with a future trip for some new clothes and grabbing some fresh food before he brought George home with him. Okay so there was still a decent amount of stuff to be done, but he needed to take it one step at a time, it wouldn't benefit anyone to get overwhelmed now.

He briskly headed out of the office block and towards the adoption wing.

All hybrids were required to wear collars with identification when out in public, so it makes things much easier to have a tag engraving machine in the shelter itself to prevent adoptees from being stopped on their way home.

It's a pretty ridiculous stipulation if you ask Dream, it feels belittling to him. Like an express way to show others that hybrids are property rather than living breathing people. He really hates the concept but at the same time he can't exactly disregard it. It is a law, and one with heavy fines if broken, so he'll just have to deal with it. Though just because he has to abide by the law doesn't mean he won't go the extra mile to make sure that George is as comfortable as possible for that

duration.

The room that held the engraver was pretty small, a tiny break room sized area with a pegboard of tags along the wall and a table next to the machine. Dream grabbed a rose-tinted gold tag from the wall of options that the shelter had in stock. It was similar in shape to a Christmas bulb, the main body of it being a circle, with a small bump on the top extended out to link onto the collar itself. He sets it into the engraving machine and adds his information to be etched onto the back, as well as typing in George's name for the front.

It was a weird feeling, making a tag for George. Dream wasn't a fan of the idea of somebody adopting him any time soon, the idea of Dream not knowing how he was doing or if he was being treated well. The concept that he might not see George again really didn't sit right with him. He sighed, pulling himself out of his thoughts. That was something far away though, he shouldn't stress himself out too much with it.

He watched as the machine etched into the tag, scraping off the surface of the polished metal in a mechanical thrum of noise. He hoped that the collar wouldn't bother George too much, he remembered the state that he had met the hybrid in. That nasty rubber collar digging into his skin to the point of inflicting injury, injuries that had eventually healed, but were still visible in a vivid pink scarring against the smaller boy's pale neck. Dream worried that the collar might bring back unwanted memories from before the shelter, that he might react negatively to having to wear one again. Dream really hoped that wouldn't be the case, though he guesses that he'll know today since he needed to ask the brunette if he had any preferences on style and color for one. It would probably be best to mention it later on in the day just in case it did dampen Georges mood though, he didn't want the hybrid stressing about it the entire day.

The machine beeped a few times before pushing out the tag, bringing Dream out of his thoughts and back into the present. He grabbed the tag and looked it over before scanning the code that was etched into the back to ensure that the tag was properly linked to George's files and info. Hybrid tags differed from normal animal tags in the fact that they had an encrypted barcode, much like a QR code, on the back of the tag rather than your standard ways to contact an owner for an actual animal. This system allowed all of the hybrid's priority medical information and public information such as current and past ownerships to be accessed by healthcare professionals and law enforcement with a quick scan, this provided extra security to sensitive information and allowed owners to just head to an authorized office or healthcare facility and update the contact info for free without the need to make a new tag. Collars operated much like ID's or passports for hybrids, though they were met with stricter rules and regulations. Once Dream confirmed that the tag worked as intended, he pocketed it and began making his way out of the adoption wing, setting pace towards George's room.

He walked up to the door and knocked, waiting a few seconds as usual before making his way inside. George was buried under his mountain of blankets, shifting around as Dream came in. The hybrid blearily rubbed his eyes as he sat up, yawning as he stretched.

"Morning George, it's almost time for breakfast. Sleep well?"

"Mhm... what time is it?" the brunette replied with a gravelly voice.

"Coming up on nine thirty." Dream announces as he makes his way over to the bed, taking a seat next to the brunette. "Did you want to eat in here or the office?"

"uhmm... probably the office, want me to meet you there once I get ready?" the hybrid questions.

“That works, what do you want me to grab you to eat?”

George takes a moment to ponder his choices before answering, “I’ll take the pancakes and scrambled eggs, also that new yogurt they added and a strawberry milk.”

“Alright, did you want the chocolate chips or blueberries for the pancakes?” the taller boy asked as he stood back up, slowly walking to the door as he spoke with the brunette, stopping at the door.

“Blueberry please, do you have a lot to do in the med wing today?”

“Nah, just a check up at like eleven, otherwise it’s just paperwork and free time.”

George nods as he pulls himself from the blankets, placing his feet onto the floor before speaking again.

“I’ll be down in like seven minutes, shouldn’t take me too long to freshen up.”

“See you at the office then, don’t forget the dried drool on your cheek.”

At this George slapped his hands up to his face as he went red. Dream snorted before laughing, “I’m messing with you, calm down. Okay for real though I gotta get going before all the good food is snatched up, see you in a bit.”

George huffs before standing up and walking towards him. “I hope you step on a Lego.”

“Wha- George! How could you say such a-”

“-Bye Dreammm!” The hybrid sang sarcastically as he shoved the blonde out and shut the door, leaving Dream to stare at the grainy dark wood that the offending barrier was made from. Dream shook his head as he cackled, turning and sauntering his way to the food court.

Chapter End Notes

Another partial bridge chapter to give you guys a bit more info on the society and the details of getting things prepared.

As always your comments fuel my motivations for this fic and I love watching how you guys take the chapters lmao. always a fun time.

and if you want an idea of the ID tag I was describing its this one.

https://misterminit.co/wp-content/uploads/2020/03/LARGE-CIRCLE-ROSE-GOLD-PET-TAG-300172.tag_2-1.jpg

Crisp Edged Dawn

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everything went smoothly the entire duration of the day. They ate breakfast, Dream took care of his eleven 'o clock appointment as George napped, the taller boy even managed to finish off his office work in record time.

Any other day this would have been great news, but Dream was really hoping for more busy time before he had to talk with George about the collar situation. Annoyingly enough, in his attempts to push the topic to the back of his mind, he ended up focusing more on his work, which in turn meant he worked faster than normal and was forced to face it faster than intended. He sighed, rubbing his eyes as he mentally prepared himself for what was to come.

George was sitting on the couch with his notebook, scrawling away on the pages with intent focus. He wrote in the book almost every day it seemed, though Dream never tried to pry into it. He figured it was something personal since George always put the book away whenever someone approached him, so he never asked about it, worried that he might cause the smaller boy to shy away from working on whatever it was.

He was stalling, he knew he was, but what was he supposed to do? Just abruptly start telling the smaller hybrid that he was going to have to wear a collar again if he wanted to go home with Dream and hope for the best? He really didn't want to go about it that way, but how else was he meant to start such a touchy conversation. There wasn't an easy solution, no magical conversation hack that could Segway into it naturally. It was going to be a painful Band-Aid to tug at, and he knew if he just tried to rip it off as quickly as possible he might overwhelm the brunette rather than minimize the hurt.

Suddenly George closed his notebook with an audible thud, looking at Dream with a strange mix of apprehension and annoyance.

"Just get on with it already, you obviously have something to tell me, that or you just have a bad staring problem. " the brunette huffs, causing Dream to jolt and look away in mortification, he didn't even realize he had been staring down the poor hybrid with such Intensity.

"S-sorry my bad, uh yeah I do need to talk about something with you. Um, how do I start this." The blonde nervously stutters, starting to fidget in place as he worked out a plan of action.

"Wait you're not going to tell me that I can't go with you right?" The hybrid asked with an unnerved waver in his voice, ears starting to tilt back.

"No! No. Nothing like that, well uh- I guess technically it's related to that. But you're still able to come home with me no issue, well I mean if you are okay with what I needed to tell you.. Um, ok so-" Dream nervously chattered, trying to keep himself composed as his words subconsciously sped up.

"OK so! Uh, y-you know how-" he sighed, this was harder than he thought it was going to be.

"B-basically, in order to let you come home with me, you would need to have a collar with ID to be out in public. I-I wouldn't make you do this if there was another way, but the way that the

programme works is that the shelter assumes temporary ownership of hybrids that are enrolled, which lets us put you in the national system just in case something happens. Which is obviously a worst case scenario! But we weren't allowed a work around on it, s-so basically if you come with me you would need to wear a collar or we could get in trouble and have the programme shut down. Y-you wouldn't have to wear it in the shelter or my house if you didn't want to though, a-and you can also choose to not be in the program and stay here without any collar involved if that was more comfortable for you."

As he was speaking he watched George's face cycle through several emotions, further fanning Dream's nerves as he tried to put his words together.

"U-um, so yeah. I know it's not ideal, b-but it's what we're working with. I haven't gotten the collar yet, I wanted to ask you what you liked or preferred so that I could get you something you would be more comfortable putting up with. If you are still ok with coming with me. Which I totally get if you decide it's not worth the trouble. And-"

"-Dream."

The blonde abruptly stops his word vomit, anxiously waiting for what George was going to say with bated breath.

George sat there for a moment, mouth moving as though he were going to start speaking, but falling short and not following through each time. After a brief beat of silence with Dream's heartbeat being the only thing that the blonde was able to hear, George spoke again.

"So.. I would need to wear a collar again if I wanted to go with you then, is what I'm hearing, right?"

Dream sat up straighter, "Y-yes"

George slowly exhaled, his body slumping with the air leaving his body. He had a reserved look of sorrow and a tinge of fear, eyes seemingly staring at nothing as he processed the new information. Dream felt like shit for making the smaller boy shrink into himself like this, but he knew it was something that would have needed to happen at some point in his time here. He only hoped that George was in a good enough place now to overcome this with little to no issue.

He stayed quiet, hoping to give the brunette all the time that he needed to work through everything.

After a few minutes had passed, George took in a deep breath, pushing himself back upwards into a proper sitting position. He had a troubled look on his face, seemingly fighting with himself mentally before squeezing his eyes shut quickly and opening them to look directly at Dream with an uneasy yet determined gaze.

"I'm colorblind so I can really only see blues and yellows, the only color I really like is blue though. And If you put a bell on that damn thing I wont hesitate to maim you." He muttered before looking away. Dream's eyes widen as he sits back at his full height.

"You'll do it then?" Dream excitedly asks, hoping that he wasn't misinterpreting the smaller boy's words.

The smaller boy sighed, pulling up the blanket to his chest. "Yes, I'll do it... I trust you, and I trust that you won't let anything bad happen to me if I do this... Please don't let me be wrong on that, please. " he says as he looks into the blonde's eyes, searching desperately for some kind of

reassurance.

"You won't be wrong on that, I promise. Thank you, It really means the world to me to have that privilege. " Dream murmurs with a small smile.

"No thick collars either." The brunette abruptly adds, turning his head to the side in defiance.

Dream chuckles, "got it, do you like light blue or dark blue more?"

"Sky blue." The smaller boy answers, glancing out the window as he spoke.

Dream's eyes softened at the sight, getting a pretty clear idea of why the specific shade of blue was chosen.

"Sky blue it is then."

Chapter End Notes

Almost time for our favorite catboy to move in :)

I felt like I needed to give Dream a hard time for once, so I hope I nailed the ramblings well enough for it to still feel in character lol.

let me know what you think in the comments, they fuel my motivations.

Also pardon the title I'm slowly losing it as I search the thesaurus for decades to find decent weather themed shit lmao.

Renewed Golden Sunset

Chapter Notes

35k words and 17k Hits! thank you guys for sticking around this long <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream came into work nervous, he had secured a collar for the hybrid the day previous, asking Ponk to let George use his phone to facetime him at the store as he showed the collars that fit the brunette's specifications. He was originally going to just grab the most comfortable collar that fit the hybrid's guidelines, but as he was looking over the sheer variety available, he started to worry that he would grab one that George would end up hating.

The brunette eventually settled on a sky blue collar with a soft fur lining on the inner side that would come into contact with his neck, the metal on the collar being a rose tinted gold much like the tag he had chosen earlier in the week. Dream attached the tag when he returned home and then promptly stored the collar away in his work bag to be dealt with at a later date.

Dream knew that the smaller boy had said yes to wearing the collar, but George was still noticeably more reserved after their conversation. Dream didn't want to cause any more stress than what the boy was already dealing with, so he opted to bring out the collar on the day that they came home. The weather was surprisingly nice that Friday, the winter bite sluggishly receding as spring was just around the corner. The sun was out and shining across the city with very few clouds in the sky.

As Dream made his way to his work locker, he pulled out the collar from its place in the side of his bag and dropped it into his coat pocket before stowing away his personal possessions. He wasn't sure when the best time to give it to the brunette would be, but he figured he could play it by ear as the day went on.

The paperwork was filed and ready to go, so all that was left to do was bring George with him tonight. Dream was nervous, the kind of nervousness that provided a fluttering sensation in his stomach and an anxious excitement as he anticipated the end of his shift. He made his way to his office and tossed the rest of his stuff before heading over to the housing wing.

George was awake when Dream entered the room, sitting on the bed with his hands in his lap as he fidgeted. All of the hybrid's belongings that he had gathered over his time at the shelter were sitting on the desk and bed in organized piles, bed sheets included, which pulled a chuckle out of Dream.

"Looks like you're more than ready to leave huh, I'm pretty sure we have a spare box somewhere around here to put everything in. Though I have some much better blankets for you at home so we

don't need to bring these ones unless you really want them.”

“O-oh, then I'll leave them here. I wasn't sure what I needed to bring so I just got everything ready.” the brunette timidly answered.

“That's ok, we can come and grab everything once it's time to leave. I don't have any appointments scheduled for today so we have pretty much the whole day to do whatever you want once I finish up my office work.” the blonde reassured.

“Ok, can I come with you to get breakfast?”

“Yeah of course, are you ready to head out now or did you need time to get ready?”

“ We can go now.” he answered as he pushed himself off of the bed and walked next to Dream.

“Alright, let's go then.”

The two of them grab breakfast and head back to the office, falling back into routine as they ate. They take some time to chat on the couch before breaking apart so that Dream could finish everything as George read a book. Not too far into their respective activities, Dream noticed that the brunette was extra fidgety, he couldn't seem to get settled as he shifted himself across the couch trying to get comfortable. Dream tried and failed to get back into his work as the smaller boy shuffled around, wondering if there was anything he could do to help the hybrid feel more at ease. As time went on, he noticed George looking over at him every few minutes, seeming to contemplate something before looking away again and repeating the process. Dream looked up and caught the hybrid's eye, but as soon as he did the smaller boy quickly looked away, feigning ignorance.

“Everything ok Georgie?” the blonde gently asked.

George tensed, eyes snapping back to Dream with a partially guilty expression from getting caught.

“Y-yeah sorry.” he quickly replied, looking as though he had more to say. Dream waited a moment for the smaller boy to continue speaking but nothing came out, so he opted to lightly push the topic.

“Are you sure? You look a little stressed there, if there's something I can help with, you know I'm more than willing to. All you need to do is ask.”

At this, George's face gives way to a conflicted look. He looks to Dream with a nervous smile before speaking up, “I know it's kind of dumb but... I am going with you today right? Y-you said I needed the collar right?” he says as he averts his gaze to the window, holding his breath for something.

Dream was taken by surprise, not expecting the hybrid to be the first to bring it up. Though now that he thought about it he felt like a bit of an idiot, by putting off giving the brunette the collar he had inadvertently stressed George out further. Pretty much throwing the reason he hadn't brought it up in the first place out of the window.

“Yes you're coming with me today if you still wanted to, I-I have the collar right here.” the dirty blonde rushes to say as he pulls out said collar. “Sorry, I was waiting to give it to you closer to

when we left so that you wouldn't feel pressure to wear it until then. But I do have it, if you want it now.” he finishes.

At this, George started to relax, his gaze locked onto the collar with a mix of apprehension and curiosity. Dream stood from his desk and walked over to George, sitting next to him as he held out the collar for the brunette to take.

George sat there for a moment studying the collar, before reaching out and picking it up in a loose grip. He took some time inspecting it before placing it back in Dream's hands, ears slightly dipping downwards in discomfort. Dream immediately noticed and set the collar behind himself to remove it from sight.

“You don't have to wear it until we leave, and you can have it off anytime we aren't in public.” he gently murmured to the smaller boy. George shook his head, reaching his arm out to grasp onto the sleeve covering Dream's arm.

“I know, it's just... I feel like if I don't get used to it now it'll make leaving here too much to handle, But at the same time I really don't think I could put it on.” he warbled out, holding tighter onto Dream as he spoke.

“Hey, that's ok, you're ok. We can wait until later to put on the collar, and we won't be in any rush to leave when I'm off the clock. We can take it at our own pace, yeah?”

George shook his head again, taking a deep breath in to calm himself. “No, I-I really think I should try and get used to it now. I want to just get it over with, I'm so tired of this gross feeling that I keep getting when I think about it.”

Dream puts his hand over George's, gently squeezing it in reassurance. He was worried that the smaller boy was pushing himself too far out of his comfort zone, but also wanted to respect his wishes. “Ok, we can work on getting you used to the collar now then. Are you sure you want to do it now and not wait until a little later?”

“Yes I'm sure.” the brunette hurriedly replied.

“Okay, did you want to put the collar on yourself or did you want me to?”

George paused at that, sitting in his thoughts for a moment. Dream patiently waited, knowing that rushing the situation could only worsen things. George looked back up to the blonde, nervously licking his lips before sitting up straighter.

“You do it, I don't think that I would be able to...”

“Okay, I can do that, we'll take things slow to make it more manageable yeah? step by step so to speak.” Dream reaches back for the collar, setting it in his lap for the time being as he spoke. George nods in response, his tail flicking around in agitation as he forces himself to fully turn towards Dream. The blonde takes that as his cue to continue.

“We can start off with something simple. How about just resting the open collar around your neck like a scarf first? No closing it yet, just a way for you to get used to the feeling of it without committing.”

George nods, visibly swallowing in nervousness as he leans forward towards the blonde subconsciously.

“Okay.”

Dream picks up the collar and slowly brings it up to George, Making sure to allow for enough time that George could react and stop him if it got to be too much. The smaller boy was obviously uncomfortable, tracking the blonde's movements with a sharp gaze. He tensed up as Dream's arms reached past his face, but made no move to stop the taller boy.

Dream gently settled the collar around the smaller boy's neck, the majority of its weight settling across his shoulders where his neck connected. They sat there in silence as George adjusted, the brunette had started to breathe heavier, but was actively controlling his breathing to keep himself calm.

Once George had gotten his breathing under control, he looked towards the blonde, looking for what to do next.

"How're you holding up?" the taller boy questions, taking care to keep his movements slow and predictable.

George swallows before replying, "m'good."

"You sure? We have time if you need it, don't feel like you need to rush it."

"I'm good, go ahead and get on with it." the brunette pressed.

"Okay if you're sure, I'll thread the end of the collar through the buckle next then. I won't actually buckle it yet though, so if you need to take it off it'll come free easily."

The brunette nods, seemingly finding more confidence in the words this time around. Dream reaches back out to grasp onto the ends of the collar, taking care not to tug on it in any way.

"Ready?" he asks.

"Yes." the hybrid responds.

Dream pushes the end of the collar through the metal of the buckle, making sure that it doesn't tighten more than he intends for it to. George sucks air in, hands shooting up to the collar to loosen it further in a slight panic.

"George, hey, look at me. Can you take a deep breath in and count to ten?" the blonde calmly questions.

The hybrid's eyes snap to Dream as he shakily follows the taller boy's instructions, eventually calming himself back down. He shuffles forward, pressing his head onto the blonde's chest as he exhaled. They sat there for a while, Dream moving his hand up to pet across the brunette's hair, George swiveled his ears to press against the taller boy's shirt as he settled in.

George took a deep breath in as he pushed himself into the blonde further, faintly turning his head to speak.

"Ok, i'm ready for the next step."

"You sure? All that's left to do is buckle the collar, we can wait longer if--"

"-I'm sure. You keep asking the same thing over and over but I'm not going to change my mind." the smaller boy huffs.

Dream chuckles, "sorry, I just want to make absolutely sure. Ok I'll buckle the collar now then."

He reaches back out, though this time at a much shorter distance since the brunette was practically glued to his torso. Once he took hold of the buckle, the hybrid smooshed his face into the taller boy's chest again.

Dream easily pushes the metal bar through the preset holes, securely fastening the collar in place against the brunette's neck. He made sure it wouldn't feel too tight, keeping a close eye on the hybrid for any negative reactions. Surprisingly there was none, George tensed up for a moment but quickly eased back into his relaxed posture once again.

They spent the rest of the afternoon in close proximity to one another. George stayed pressed up against Dream for a good hour or so, taking comfort in the other's presence while he grew used to the sensation of the collar. Though eventually he felt comfortable enough to move away and allow the blonde to finish his office work. For the rest of the day George fidgeted with the collar, twisting it around on his neck and messing with the tag. Dream ended up joining the hybrid on the couch after he had finished his work, pulling the brunette into various random conversations to keep them preoccupied as the day went on.

The end of Dream's shift was fast approaching, so the blonde led George back to his room to pack up all of his items in a few boxes that they had found in the inventory storage room. Dream then lugged the boxes over to his car and placed them into the trunk, heading back in to grab his things and locate George. The smaller boy was standing at his doorway looking at the empty room he had previously occupied. He looked to Dream as he approached, walking up next to the blonde's side when he came close enough.

"Is it time to go?" the hybrid tentatively asked.

"Yep, everything is packed up and ready. Is there anything you want to do before we head out?"

The brunette shakes his head, "no, I'm ready to leave whenever."

"Alright, let's head out then yeah?"

The pair made their way over to Dream's car, the blonde opening the passenger door for George and helping him get buckled before making his way around the front of the car and into the driver's seat, pulling out of the parking lot. George was trembling at first with his ears tipped back and tail wrapped tightly around his leg, but after a few minutes on the road he started to look out the windows.

The sun was just setting so the city was bathed in a warm golden hue, George looked around in awe at all of the new sights around him, eyes trying to track all of the things speeding past. Dream realized with a twinge of sadness that the smaller boy probably hadn't seen the outside world in ages, being holed up in that underground ring for what probably felt like decades and then going straight to the shelter in what was probably a transportation van meant to remove extra stimuli. He silently noted to himself to bring George out to as many places as he could when the brunette was comfortable enough to explore the public.

After roughly twenty minutes of driving, Dream pulled into his parking spot that sat across from

his apartment complex. George's attention was swiftly diverted once the car stopped, turning to Dream for assurance. Dream easily directed him out of the car and towards the trunk for his things.

They grabbed the smaller boy's belongings and started making their way inside of the building. Strolling through a small lobby and over to the elevator that was placed in the center of the room, they climbed their way up to the third floor and made the small trek over to the blonde's front door. Dream pulled out his keys and unlocked the door to a quaint living room that smelled of warm spices. They made their way inside with Dream setting the brunette's stuff on the coffee table that sat in front of the couch, turning to George with an excited smile.

“Welcome home Georgie.”

Chapter End Notes

This took so long aaaaaaaaaaaaa, this was the first chapter that I had to rewrite a few times to get it to where I liked it, but it's at a point that I'm proud of! and It's a larger chapter to hopefully help sweeten the deal!

He's finally home guys! next chapter will delve more on that.

as always comments fuel my motivations and I love hearing what you guys have to say about the story!

I'm gonna go try and pass out while the fireworks rage on, wish me luck.

Moonlight Macroburst

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George held the box in his arms closer, he didn't know how to feel about everything just yet. He stood at the entrance of the apartment, unsure if he was meant to follow Dream into the living room or wait where he was. The entire apartment faintly smelled like Dream, something that helped to soothe the smaller boy's nerves as he took in his surroundings.

The front door went straight into the living room, there was a couch near the center that sat just a few feet away from the tv stand. The room was decorated in neutral colors, photos spattered along the wall behind the tv. The photos were of Dream with family and friends, several of the backgrounds being vacation-esque locations. Across from the living room was an open concept kitchen that was divided from the rest of the room with a small island counter, it had some tall cushioned stools that sat alongside it, creating a small dining area.

George hesitantly took a few steps into the living room, "It's homier than I was expecting."

Dream chuckles as he reaches forward to take George's box from him to set close to the other one. "I'm glad you think so, It's where I've been living for the last three years. I moved here as soon as I turned 18, back when I really wanted a place to call my own, I've been slowly making it my own since."

Dream made his way back around the couch. "Okay, how do you feel about a house tour?"

They make their way through the apartment, Dream showing George all of the rooms as they go. It was a 2 bedroom setup with two respective bathrooms, the first being the main bathroom accessible to everyone in the home, and the secondary one in the master bedroom that belonged to Dream. All of the rooms were connected by a short hallway that led back to the living room near the kitchen. They stop at George's room last, Dream opening the door and coaxing the other inside. The room had a queen sized bed, along with a desk and Dresser that held a tv. There was also a decent sized closet and a giant bean bag that sat close to a bookshelf full of new books. Above the bean bag was a window that faced away from the setting sun, the moon shining in through the clear sky. The entire room was dotted with blue accents, with the rest of the color scheme being various shades of grey. The comforter on the bed was a midnight blue, the curtains matching.

George settled in on the bed once they made their way in, looking around in awe as Dream rattled off about the various trinkets that sat in the available gaps and spaces. The hybrid was overwhelmed, but in the best way possible. There was so much new stuff to explore, and Dream made sure that the smaller boy knew that he had full permission to go anywhere in the home and use whatever that he wanted to. It was such a drastic change from his past owners, it had been so long since he was allowed to have things of his own and was able to go where he pleased around a house.

"Oh! And one more thing! Let me go and grab it, I'll be right back." Dream exclaims as he rushes out of the room. George sat silently, taking in all of the smaller features of the room as the blonde shuffled through the apartment. After a moment he faintly heard something being dragged closer presumably by the taller boy. Dream reappeared through the door lugging in a large box that was

covered in shiny blue wrapping paper, George's eyes widened in surprise and apprehension. The box was rather large, a long rectangular shape that stood at roughly his hip in height.

"I got you a welcome home gift! I don't know how useful it'll be to you but if anything it's a cool decoration." the dirty blonde explained as he laid the present in front of the smaller boy.

George's cheeks dusted a tint of red, "Y-You really didn't have to do all this, but thank you." he says as he slides off the bed and onto the floor right next to the gift trying to make a guess on what it could possibly be.

"It really wasn't a problem, you deserve it. Really, it's a thank you for coming into my life and leaving it better than what it was before." the blonde softly reassures. "Now let's get this bad boy open, I want to see your reaction." he excitedly says as he takes a seat on the floor next to him.

George shifts his focus back to the box with a shy smile, Dream's words on repeat in his head as he starts to pick at the wrapping. After a bit of ripping at the paper he uncovers the illustration of a night sky, pulling the paper down further he finds the packaging of a telescope. His jaw drops open as he looks it over, unfiltered excitement and joy bubbling up at the thought of setting something like this up and using it.

"I know you liked those astronomy books a lot, so I wanted to get you something like this to use whenever you wanted, -well most of the time you wanted, I refuse to let you try something stupid like look at the sun with this." he chuckled. "I figured you could set it up by the window and chill on the bean bag with it, o-or like-" Dream was abruptly interrupted by a small brown mass barreling into him, the brunette throwing his arms around the other's waist as he burrowed his head into the larger boy's chest.

"Thank you." the smaller boy sniffled into his chest. "Really, thank you."

After them calming down and opening up the telescope, Dream left George to explore and set up his room up however he liked as he made dinner. They had moved the hybrid's boxes from the living room to his room before he started pulling out the necessary ingredients for a simple chicken alfredo recipe, grabbing broccoli for a side as well as a frozen apple pie to bake for dessert.

Dream was relieved that everything went so well, he had worried that George wouldn't be comfortable enough to explore the rest of the apartment's spaces, but that was thankfully proven to be no issue when the smaller boy came out to ask for thumb tacks and started to peer around at what was happening in the kitchen as he waited for the taller boy to find his requested items.

Dinner was finished quickly, so Dream plated the food and placed it on the coffee table before he headed to George's room, knocking and waiting as usual before opening the door. George was sitting by the window, one hand steadying the telescope as he looked over.

"Dinner is ready, do you want to eat now or come eat later? I'm gonna put on Netflix and find something new to watch, so don't worry about being lost in a show that's a few episodes in." he chuckles, George perks up at the mention of food.

"I'll eat now, it's not quite dark enough to use the telescope, and fresh food is better food." the brunette says as he pulls himself from the bean bag and joins Dream at the door. Together they make their way down to the living room and get comfortable on the couch. They find a comedy show to put on and spend the rest of the night in each other's company, falling into their usual routine of talking about everything and nothing. They eventually start to grow tired, so Dream

takes their plates and cleans up while George spends the rest of his night with his telescope, ultimately calling it a night and falling asleep under his covers. Dream follows suit soon after, locking up the apartment and settling into his own bed, making sure to leave his door open just a crack in case George needed him at any point throughout the night. He falls asleep nearly as soon as his head hits the pillow.

Chapter End Notes

So I might be projecting with the telescope lmao, I had one as a kid that I adored with all of my being.

as always comments fuel my motivations and I love hearing what you have to say so thank you for taking the time to write them out, especially those of you you comment every chapter, I appreciate you more than I could put into words <3

new characters being introduced coming soon :D

P.S. the Macrobust in this chapter is George flinging himself into Dream like a madman

Sun Baked Flurry

Chapter Notes

thank you guys so much for the 900 kudos and 20k hits!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George stirred awake to the sounds of pots clinking together from across the apartment, the sun's rays were peeking in through the partially open curtains of the window, bathing the middle of his bed in warmth. He turned onto his side, watching the small flecks of dust drift through the air that were illuminated by the sun's beams. It was a calm morning, George felt completely at home in the new space, content.

He and Dream would have the next two days away from the shelter, two days to test out this new environment that they found themselves in. George hoped that the taller boy wouldn't grow too annoyed by his constant presence, knowing that being in constant contact meant that there were more chances for toes to be stepped on. Though, with Dream he didn't know if that would be too much of an issue, since he had been nothing but kind and forgiving towards the brunette.

He pushes himself out of bed and pads over to the kitchen, where he is met with the sight of Dream cooking breakfast. The scent of eggs and bacon wafts over to George as he walks closer, Dream catching sight of him and smiling.

"Morning! Hope you're hungry, I wanted to make you something before I hopped on stream. Did you want grape or apple jelly for your toast?" the taller boy asked as he took the eggs from the frying pan.

"Uh, grape is fine. you're streaming today?" the brunette curiously asks as he leans on the counter to watch.

"Yep, I usually stream on Saturdays from noon to about two or three. Then I work on whatever else I needed done that day, usually YouTube stuff. Sundays are my true days off, well unless I end up working more on YouTube which happens often." he chuckled as he finished up.

Dream serves himself and George breakfast, the two of them sitting at the small island table. They chat like they usually would before Dream leaves to get ready for his stream, making sure George knew that if he needed him at any point or wanted to watch that he was more than welcome to come in. George declines in favor of exploring the rest of his space.

When George re-entered his room he made a beeline for the bookshelf, looking through all of the new titles that he had available. There was a mix of astronomy books and novels, the novels ranging from romance to fantasy to sci fi. He pulled out a fantasy book about two kingdoms at war, where the heirs of each respective kingdom unintentionally befriend the other under anonymous identities. A cliché for sure but always a fun read to see what the spin on the concept would be. He settles in on the beanbag and reads a few chapters, though ultimately he grows restless and bookmarks the book for another time. It was a good book, but it was far too quiet, too still. He was so used to the bustle of the shelter that the absence of sound made everything feel eerie. He hadn't

realized how much he had adjusted in his time there, how he had grown so comfortable to this new normal he found himself in. Older memories pushed to the surface, his past homes and how he was treated there, but he quickly shook away the thoughts and started moving to distract himself. He really didn't want to think on all of that right now, there was too much to mentally unpack and not enough energy to clean it back up.

He pulled himself out of the sunken hole of the beanbag, creeping into the hallway and over to Dream's door. He could faintly hear Dream speaking to someone, though what he was saying was lost on the hybrid. The door was almost fully shut, isolating the noise to nearly nothing. George had to press close to better hear what was happening. He didn't want to disturb the blonde even if he had permission to, he was technically working. But at the same time he didn't want to be alone, he needed some kind of distraction, so he pushed the door open a small bit, giving himself a small sliver to peek through. Dream was seated at a desk in the corner of his room, not too far from his bed. He had his headphones on, leaning towards a microphone that hung from a metal arm attachment. He seemed to be playing a game with someone, considering that it sounded like he was in the middle of a conversation.

"Just stay and protect the bed, I'll go after green."

George stood at the door watching as Dream played, not sure if he wanted to go inside and bother the blonde while he was so focused. He watched as the blonde built a bridge to another blocky island and attacked other players before breaking a few blocks and what looked to be a bed.

"YESSS, okay we got this win in the bag for sure." he says as he hits off the other players one by one. Dream starts to cheer as they seemingly win, chatting casually with whoever was on the other side of the call. He leans back and stretches in his seat, catching sight of George at the door. He moves back over to his mic, saying that he was muting for a moment and hitting a button before turning to the smaller boy.

"Hey, didn't see you there. Everything ok?"

George takes a hesitant step into the room, giving in as he was busted. "Yeah everything's fine, just got bored." he answers, not wanting to give Dream the full truth.

"Fair enough, come on in. you can either sit on the bed or I can grab you a chair from the kitchen."

"The bed is fine... what are you doing?" he says as he nervously perches on the bed to watch.

"Playing a game with Bad, it's called Minecraft. Though we're playing on a server that has mini games as well so it's not the standard Minecraft game." the blonde explains before looking to check the time. "I'll probably be live for another hour, but you're free to watch me play as long as you want. You can also leave anytime you want, actually here I'll hook up a second set of headphones so you can hear Bad too." he says as he pulls out a set of earbuds and connects them to a weird Y shaped plug, handing the new earbuds to George. The brunette puts them on, immediately hearing Bad talking, most likely to the chat to keep them entertained while Dream was muted. He scoots closer to the computer to allow for some slack in the earbuds, looking to Dream when he situated himself. Dream smiled and turned back to his computer.

"You ok with me turning the mic back on now? It will probably be able to pick you up so just keep that in mind." he explains.

George nods, "yeah go ahead, just act like I'm not here and do what you normally do. I'll just be

watching.”

“Alright, unmuting now” he says before pressing the small red flashing button. “Alright I’m back guys, hey Bad, do you want to do another round of Bedwars?”

George hears Bad reply in affirmation and they quickly fall into a few more rounds of the game. George watches them play with interest, slowly learning the game as Dream continued to play. It was a really enjoyable experience, he understood why people would watch someone play this. Eventually they decide to end stream and say their goodbyes to the chat, Dream clicking through a few applications to sever the live connection.

He turned to George afterwards, smiling kindly towards the brunette. “What did you think?”

“That was really cool, I can understand why you do it.”

“Yeah, its a big stress reliever for me, and a fun excuse to play games.” he chuckled.

“So what is normal Minecraft like if that was just a mini game version?”

“I can show you if you’d like, here let me grab my old laptop and we can set you up an account. That way we can play together, I can show you how the game works.” he says as he reaches under his bed and pulls out said laptop.

The blonde sets up a new account for George, the brunette choosing the name GeorgeNotFound as a joke to compliment Dream’s twitch username. Once they set everything up, Dream creates a server for them to use and logs in himself, he then goes over the basics of the game and shows George how to play. Once the brunette starts to get the hang of everything they start to mess around in the world, playing together for a few hours. eventually they tire themselves out and switch to watching some tv, Dream giving George the old laptop for him to use at anytime. they spend the rest of the day in each others presence, George falling asleep on the couch during one of the movies.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sure you can guess those hours were full of George dying to the smallest of things and Dream helping him out and giving him items from creative as per usual.
let me know what you guys think! comments fuel my motivation :)
also this was a bit later than I intended but Genshin updated and hours were stolen for the gacha cause lmao.

Predicted Upwind Landfall

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The weekend passed by in a flash, Dream working on his YouTube videos while George learned to play Minecraft. He took to the game surprisingly quickly, learning the core mechanics and many of the tricks that the game offered. Dream and George's dynamics stayed pretty much the same even out of the shelter, providing George with some much needed comfort throughout the drastic shift in environments.

Monday rolled around, waking Dream up in the form of his phone's alarm. He quickly shut off the device to ensure that it didn't bother George, pushing himself out of bed and into the bathroom to get ready for the day. He then went to coax the sleepy hybrid from under the covers in the brunette's room, giving him privacy to change when he was awake enough. Soon after that they made their way to the shelter, George blinking blearily as he stared out the window.

When they were at the shelter, things fell back into their normal pace. Though it was kind of jarring to the brunette to just follow Dream out to his car when it came time to leave, like he was breaking some kind of rule that he shouldn't. Things pretty much went off without a hitch on that first day back, the only point of contention being Dream calling attention to the collar when they settled into the office earlier that morning. He meant well, but asking George if he wanted to remove it just reminded the brunette that he was wearing it. He had grown decently used to the accessory, only remembering that it was there when he scratched at the back of his head or laid in a weird way.

When he put his attention on the collar, he always got a nasty feeling of not feeling entirely right. As though he wasn't entirely himself, or that there was something looming just out of sight. And while he could just take it off every time he was inside, he felt that doing so just put more weight and emphasis on the collar when he did have to eventually wear it again.

Dream made a point to tell George that he didn't have to wear the collar so long as they weren't in a public space, but the hybrid wanted to keep it on in order to adjust better to it. He didn't want to give the collar so much power, to allow it to control his mood or mental state.

Other than that situation though, things went great. They made their way back home and got ready for dinner, Dream changing into some loose sweats and heading to the kitchen to start cooking. George quickly showered and then met back with Dream in the living room to eat and continue their Netflix series binge.

As the days passed by, George grew more comfortable. Even going so far as to branch back out to the other rooms of the shelter with Karl and Skeppy again, not needing the taller boy to tag along any longer. He spent his evenings eating dinner with Dream and either playing on his newly acquired laptop or peering through his telescope. Weekends were spent watching Dream's Minecraft streams, and playing on a server with the taller boy after he had ended. They continued this routine for a few weeks, long enough that it became a well versed part of his life. George could say with confidence that this was the best he had been at mentally in years, finding joy in waking up each morning with something to look forward to each day.

Dream had noticed pretty much immediately that George had taken to the game, which filled him with a huge sense of happiness that he was able to share one of his favorite past times with the brunette. It was also the reason that Dream decided to sit George down one day to propose an idea that he had been tossing around his head.

They were both on the couch after playing a few hours on their server like usual, George chewing on a snack that he had swiped from the kitchen when Dream had asked to talk with him. The brunette was confused at the formality, but followed the blonde over to the couch anyways, figuring it couldn't be anything too bad or he would have noticed something off in Dream's body language. That was one thing that George had noticed and taken great comfort in, Dream was an open book when it came to his behavior patterns.

George decided to start the conversation immediately after sitting down, not wanting to beat around the bush.

“What's up? I didn't like, take the last yogurt or something right?” he joked.

Dream laughed before replying “No nothing like that you dork. I just wanted to ask you something, nothing bad though I promise.”

“Oh, ok what did you want to ask?”

“Ok so I've been working on a plugin for Minecraft that makes it so that every minute more mobs spawn for a video, but I was wondering if maybe you wanted to join me for it? I feel like having someone else to mess around with would make it way more interesting and entertaining.”

George leaned back into the back of the couch, surprised by the question. “O-oh uh, I don't know. What if I just make it less interesting though? I don't have any experience with this stuff like you do.” the smaller boy feebly responds with tipped down ears.

“You wouldn't make it less interesting, I mean you are the reason that our server is so much fun. And if it helps, since this is a video instead of a livestream, if you don't like how it turns out then we don't have to post it. I can easily re-record a new video to replace it. Nobody will ever see it if you aren't sure you want it out there. You can always say no if you really don't want to, but I feel like it would be a lot of fun if you wanted to join me for it.”

They sat there in silence as George mulled it over, his soft velvety tail flicking as the smaller boy mulled over the idea in his head. He timidly looked to Dream, “Can we not say that I'm a hybrid? I do want to try, but I don't think I could deal with the harassment that people would pull if they knew. You know how society treats our kind, and how the anonymity that the internet amplifies what people are willing to say.” he nervously admitted, looking down at his hands.

“If it helps you feel more comfortable then of course we can, but don't feel like you have to hide who you are. I feel like I've been lucky enough to find a community that would accept you no matter what, ears tail and all. But we don't have to say anything about you being a hybrid if you don't want that out there, your comfort is more important.” he reassured.

George nodded, smiling at Dream with a nervous confidence.

“Then I'll do it.” he says as he shifts closer to the taller boy, “where do we start?”

Chapter End Notes

I know Sapnap was in the actual video I was referencing but alas he has not made his grand debut just yet in this fic.

hope you guys liked this update, I was hoping to make it longer but it ended up splitting better chapter wise if I cut it here.

Streamer Gogy anyone? might I interest you in some Content Creator Gogy?
comments fuel my motivations and I love reading what you guys have to say so thank you for fueling me thus far!

Torrential Altostratus

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The video was a huge success, George being a smash hit with the fans. Once it was okayed by the smaller boy, Dream uploaded the video that upcoming Sunday. The following few days were pretty tame before out of nowhere it spiked drastically in views, quickly surpassing Dream's previous top videos.

The success of the video caught both boys completely by surprise, Dream's usual reach at that point being roughly 200,000 views a video but their video quickly shot past that at one million views within a week of it being up. Dream immediately went to George when the video first started picking up traction, ensuring that the smaller boy knew he was in no way obligated to continue creating content with him if he didn't want to. To which George made his stance clear that he enjoyed making that video and wanted to continue. They set up social platforms for George that same day, making sure to grab his username on all major social medias. George asked for his own twitch account as well, just in case. He wasn't sure if he would be interested in streaming personally but wanted the option available in the future.

He joined Dream's streams a few times, each time sending the chat into chaos which George found pretty entertaining. They also decided to upload on George's own YouTube account as well, Dream giving the brunette a crash course in editing just in case he wanted to create his own independent content alongside their planned videos. George was thoroughly enjoying the video making process, with an added benefit of being able to spend more time with Dream in the process.

Dream always went out of his way to make sure that George had a say in all of their planned projects, which meant more than the blonde could ever comprehend to George. He even made sure that George had his own designated bank account and that any money that the brunette made through his platforms went straight to him to use however he wanted. Dream wanted to make sure that he wasn't in any way taking advantage of the hybrid and respected him as his own person, and George couldn't be happier.

As the weeks passed, they both grew on their platforms exponentially. George quickly rising to Dream's sub count as they went, both pushing forward and carving a place for themselves in the gaming community. Along with them were some of Dream's online friends. George had met most of them at this point, befriending a fair few of them himself. There was obviously Bad, but along with him he met Technoblade, Captain Puffy, Wilbur, Redvelvet, Callahan and Philza. They all did various styles of content, most skewed towards Minecraft as well but some did variety streams too. He already technically knew Callahan from the shelter but since he never spoke there, they didn't really get to know each other until recently with the aid of discord and late night server sessions. Bad and Callahan were the only two that knew about George being a hybrid, the brunette being too scared to tell anyone else. Dream made sure he knew that they would accept him regardless but he hadn't built up that level of trust with them yet, though he was getting closer to them as the days

went on so he could see himself telling them in the future.

He was slowly beginning to open up more to Dream as well, rambling about his personal interests, arguing with him over tv shows, complaining about things that Karl had said earlier in the day. He had grown to confide in Dream, knew that the taller boy was safety and warmth personified. Which was why when he fell from his bed a few nights later, fighting the shadows from his past that had sunk their claws into him from his nightmare, he pulled his shivering form off of the floor and padded his way over to Dream's room. The nightmares were a common occurrence before, meeting him nightly in his past homes and chasing him through his first weeks at the shelter. They plagued him with past traumas any time that he would fall asleep, but they had lessened to near nothing as time had gone on. So much so that he had nearly forgotten their presence.

He pushed on the door to Dream's room with relative ease, the door having already been left ajar. He peered inside and was met with the sleeping form of the blonde, starfished out on his bed above the covers. His computer was still on, a video being rendered on the screen, casting a dim glow across the room. He stepped into the space with a practiced silence, making his way over to the side of the bed. Once he reached his hand out though, he paused. Debating whether or not he really wanted to wake the taller boy or just brave the storm and return back to his room. He had always been able to deal with the nightmares before so why did he now feel the need to ruin Dream's sleep as well? The longer he stood there the more convinced he became to not wake the blonde for something so small. He felt guilty at even the thought of inconveniencing the other for something so ridiculous as a nightmare.

George was startled out of his thoughts by the loud chime of Dream's computer, the machine giving off an alert about the rendering being completed. Dream started to stir, the movement freezing George to the spot as he desperately hoped that the blonde would fall back into his blissful sleep and let the brunette sneak back out of the room undetected. This of course didn't happen, Dream flipping onto his back and catching sight of the hybrid.

"HmnGeorge?" he slurred, "what's wrong?" The blonde grunted as he pushed himself up into a sitting position, blearily rubbing the sleep from his eyes. George slumped, admitting defeat as he knew Dream wasn't likely to drop this considering the odd situation.

"S-sorry, had a nightmare and kind of came here on autopilot. You can go back to bed though, I'm ok. Just needed some time awake to calm down."

Dream frowned, clearly not buying what the smaller boy was saying. He patted the bed beside him, inviting George to sit. The brunette hesitantly took the offered seat, avoiding eye contact as long as he could.

"You sure you're ok? I'm here if you want to talk about it." he says as he reaches out and takes George's hand, rubbing warmth back into it. George was about to instinctively push away and distance himself mentally, but caught himself. Niki did always say that talking things through in safe spaces was helpful, but he wasn't sure if he wanted to reopen such angry red wounds that had barely had the time to heal over. He looked over to Dream who was sitting patiently, letting George work through his thoughts like he normally would. The silent action causing a foreign feeling of affection and appreciation to rush through him. He wanted to let Dream in, to spill all of the things he had been through in his life, and to share everything with him that happened from then on. He knew that the blonde who was sitting before him would accept it all with open arms, and make sure that if he did fracture apart during any of the pulling of those stitches, that none of the pieces

would be lost. He had started tearing up from all of the emotion, which in turn worried Dream. The taller boy opened his arms, a clear offering of a comforting hug, and a physical confirmation of the hybrids previous thoughts. George shuffled closer to accept it, slumping against the other's chest with a small huff. He decided in that moment that he wanted to tell him everything if he was willing to listen, he wanted to stop running and find peace for once in his life.

He mumbled into the taller boy's shoulder, "I don't even know where to start..."

Chapter End Notes

time for the hurt of the hurt/ comfort tags >:3

but seriously next chapter is gonna be a rollercoaster that has parts that slam you into ice cold water so make sure you read the content warnings. I'll add a safer version in a summary at the end so that you can skip it if needed ok?

as always let me know what you think!

Permafrost Outlook

Chapter Notes

YO! Before you read!

Content Warning

brief mentions of:

sexual assault

abuse

Implied miscarriages

Trafficking

they aren't super explicit, and more so implied through dialog but be aware and make sure to prioritize your mental health more than this fic <3

i'll be adding a safe summary at the end!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I don't even know where to start...”

Dream gently enveloped the hybrid in his arms, running his fingers through the other's hair.

“How about what the nightmare was about?”

George pushed ears forward to cup against the other's chest, amplifying the sound of the other's heartbeat. He sighed, collecting his thoughts before muttering into the taller boy's chest.

“It's a recurring nightmare, from back when I was at the- uh, at the ring.” he relays uncomfortably. Dream nods, letting the smaller boy open up at his own pace.

“It's usually the same thing, I'm trapped in a small room with other hybrids and the security guys open the door and d-drag me out to the-” George stops to take in a deep breath, the taller boy offering him a gentle squeeze to provide comfort. “They take you to a second room with a w-weird b-bed thing that keeps you in place, and they bring in another hybrid.” He hides his face further, holding tightly to the blonde as he tries to control his trembling.

Dream shifts them so that he can bury his face into the hybrid's hair, gently rubbing Georges back as he speaks. He immediately noticed the switch in perspective that the smaller boy used while talking about the nightmare, but didn't want to bring attention to it. It was a pretty common trauma response, taking yourself out of the situation when recalling something that hurt you. Dream started to worry that George was pushing himself too much.

“You don't have to keep going if you don't want to.” he reassured, looking down at the brunette. George shakes his head, curling his tail into the small space between them.

“N-no I want to just get it out.”

“Okay, but you're allowed to stop whenever you need. I'm already so proud of you for getting this far.”

George sniffled, curling up as close as he could. “I'm sure you can guess what happened

considering it's called a b-breeding ring, but they would pair me with another hybrid that was the same breed in that room." his voice wavers. "I usually wake up from the nightmare there, every time I do though I feel like I'm strapped down again and trying to break out of it and get them away from me." Dream holds him closer as he continues, trying not to show how much that this new knowledge was affecting him. His eyes had blurred with unshed tears at that point, imagining the horrors that the boy in his arms had to endure before he came to the shelter.

"I'm sorry you had to go through that... I'm sorry that I wasn't able to know you sooner so that something like that could have never happened." the blonde murmured into George's hair. He paused, a horrifying thought rushing to the forefront of his mind regarding one of George's injuries from when he came to the shelter. "Y-you don't have to answer if you don't want to, but is that where you got the scars on your ankles from?" the brunette hesitated before nodding with a small hum of affirmation, reaching down to his feet and rubbing the scars as he spoke.

"Yeah, I got in trouble a lot for f-fighting them. I spent a lot of my time there in a crate that they used to punish us. They couldn't take away our food since we still had to have enough nutrients to carry offspring, so they had other ways to make us behave." he stuttered out.

Dream sucked in a deep breath, tears starting to fall freely as he held the smaller boy. George had started to silently cry as well, softly hiccupping as he continued to speak.

"I-I probably got things a lot worse than some of the others there. I was the only Chocolate Angora cat there with an omega secondary gender, which is a pretty rare breed in hybrids itself. Add on the fact that I wasn't giving them any good results, and w-was always fighting back..." he trailed off, trying to focus on the heartbeat next to him to ground himself to the present.

They sat there for a moment, holding onto each other as they worked through their emotions. George allowing himself the time to start the process of healing from his past, and Dream vehemently promising to himself that he would never let George go through something so horrible again. He doesn't even understand how people didn't catch that something was wrong, how they let someone like George to fall through the cracks of the system like that.

"W-would you be ok with me asking how you got to that place?" Dream murmurs, breaking the silence with a gentle voice. "I know you said that you were raised in Britain a while back... but how did you end up in America?"

George sniffled as he pulled himself back up to face the blonde, he wiped his tears before speaking. "Uhm, when my second owner took me back to a shelter I was sold to a new owner. He brought me with him to America to sell me to those people not even a week after. I know he bought me for that specific reason, constantly talking about how he was going to make so much money off of me since I was such a rare breed and how they were looking for Angoras."

Dream was devastated by the fact that George had essentially been trafficked into America right out of a shelter, he couldn't even begin to understand how those people didn't catch some kind of red flag to stop this from happening. Fuck, they couldn't even enact justice by arresting his former owner. A few weeks into George's recovery at the shelter, Niki had let him know that they did in fact find George's files in the UK. However they found out that his former owner was listed as deceased, apparently a house fire had taken him in the middle of the night, a freak accident. Though with all of this new information about the brunette's time in that ring he began to wonder if it really was just an accident. Dream never brought it up to the other at the time though, worried that he might have had an attachment to him. He didn't want to hurt the brunette's mental health any further. They were thankfully able to transfer George's files and residency to the states with little hassle after that information was brought to their attention, so there were no issues with the

country trying to deport him once they were made aware of him being found.

Dream shakily exhaled, exhausted from the emotional rollercoaster that they had been strapped into, when he glanced down to the brunette, he saw that the other probably felt the same way. George was laying against Dream, pretty much snuggled on top of him from how Dream was lounging against the pillows. His eyes showed his exhaustion, and was blinking the tiredness from his eyes as he fought the sleep away. Dream was glad that the smaller boy trusted him enough to share his past, even if some of that happiness that he felt was overcast by the pain and sorrow that it had brought forth.

“Do you want to try and sleep? You look like you can barely keep your eyes open.” the blonde wetly chuckled, pushing away the pain in his voice as best as he could. George hesitated before looking upwards, worrying his lip between his teeth.

“C-can I stay here for tonight? I don't really want to be alone right now.” he stuttered out, eyes downcast as if he was expecting Dream to tell him no. Just the thought of saying no to the smaller boy put a bad taste in his mouth, he could never deny the brunette over something like this and he was determined to prove that over and over again if he needed to.

“Of course you can, do you want your own blanket or are you ok with sharing this one?” he says as he pulls the comforter up.

“just the one is fine, don't wanna move.” he says as he pushes his face into the other's shoulder. Dream chuckles, pulling them down into a more comfortable sleeping position as he starts to brush through the other's hair again, lulling George back to sleep.

“Goodnight Georgie..” he whispers into the quiet room.

He gets a groggy hum in reply, making him smile.

Chapter End Notes

Things get worse before they get better, I promise you guys a happy ending no matter what <3

let me know what you thought in the comments! you guys fuel my motivations and I love hearing what you have to say!

edit: WHOOOPS forgot the chapter name don't mind me just gonna fix that and not freak anyone out with the ominous "chapter 24"

also YOOOOOOO 25k hits and 1k KUDOS I love y'all <3

Summary!

George opens up to dream about his past and how he ended up in America at the breeding/trafficking ring he was found at. many emotions are let loose from both of them, George finally gets some closure from talking about some of his traumas and Dream vows to himself to make sure George never has to go through something so horrible again. they both end up falling asleep in each other's arms.

Parhelion Front

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

----- George POV -----

George woke up to an empty bed, sheets tossed haphazardly away from where Dream had slept and bunching around his own frame. He groggily rolled onto his back, sighing out and allowing himself the time to naturally wake up as he stared at the ceiling. It was a calm morning, sun filtering through the blinds next to the bed, lighting up the small specks of dust that traveled across the room and gently warming the parts of the bed that it scattered across. There was a faint scent of biscuits wafting through the air, sneaking its way through the mostly shut door.

It was domestic, more than George ever thought he would get to experience. He sighed contentedly, softly purring as he listened to the distant sounds of Dream throughout their home.

When the hybrid finally mustered up the energy to leave the warm coziness of the bed, he padded his way into the kitchen. They ate breakfast in a comfortable silence, neither needing to bring up the events of the night prior, both comfortable within their vulnerabilities and reassurances. George was honestly a little surprised by how little had changed after all that he had said, he was glad though, the thought of Dream stepping on eggshells and treating him any different sent an unpleasant chill up his back. He definitely didn't want to be treated like some kind of fine china.

Things essentially went back to normal following their late night talk. They still kept a steady routine of working at the shelter and streaming/YouTube on the weekends, the two of them slowly growing closer and growing to rely on the other more as time went on. George still had nightmares every now and then, but now he had the option available to go to Dream for comfort. Though after a few times of waking him, George opted to just sneak into the bed and let him rest, the other's presence itself being enough to soothe the brunette back to sleep.

Their online careers were growing as well, George finally getting comfortable enough to host his own streams. The two of them buying George his own professional computer set-up and optimizing it for content creation. He still had reservations for streaming of course, worrying that he might accidentally enable his webcam or that a hybrid related notification might pop up. But once his fears were quelled by Dream and a healthy dose of reason.

The colder rainy days of spring slowly shifted into the hot simmering days of summer, and George couldn't be happier with how his life was. He had people who cared about him, along with a strong support system of close friends that he could rely on. He even started opening up to Niki more in his sessions, determined to move past the things that still held him down from his old homes.

He did have some days where he broke down worrying about all of this being ripped away from him, the feeling that one day he would wake up and everything he had held close would be gone. Though on days like that, Dream would help alleviate his stress, pulling him out of his head and making sure that any misconceptions that the other had were debunked.

He had a sneaking suspicion that there was more to it than Dream let on but he refused to broach

the topic, too afraid that bringing it to attention would cause more harm than good. For all he knew it could be the catalyst of putting him up for adoption, so he stayed as far away from the subject as he could, even going so far as to give Niki the cold shoulder when she would try and talk to him about it. He felt guilty ignoring her, but to him it was life or death. He couldn't imagine a life outside of this, a life where he didn't have everyone he has now.

----- Dream POV -----

Dream looked through his list of patients for the day, pausing when he saw George's name, it was time for his monthly check in. The shelter automated this type of appointment in order to have records of a hybrid's health throughout their time here, so it wasn't necessarily out of the ordinary to see his name. George had been on a steady incline during his time at the shelter, showing amazing results each checkup. His health was to the point that Dream would say he fully recovered on a physical level. And while the blonde was beyond happy that George was doing so well health wise, it also meant that Dream had to report the smaller boy's health as such on his medical forms.

There was a small section in the shelter's paperwork regarding if a hybrid was qualified for enrollment into their adoption program. When a hybrid was physically at their best health, he was meant to fill out this section and let the head of department know of his report in order to finalize his part of a mandatory assessment. His form only covered half of the criteria for the adoption program, with a mental health specialist filling out the other half.

Dream was worried about how George might react, not knowing if it would do more harm than good to tell him immediately or when it came up later. He knew that it would probably be the better play to tell him this appointment, but couldn't see the news going over well with the brunette. He had tried to request that George be exempt from the adoption criteria, but was denied when they took it to HR, citing that it was in direct opposition to the programme that Niki had been greenlit for.

On top of that, they were put under scrutiny for the sudden influx of changes that they had requested. Meaning they would most likely be getting a visit from an HR representative to make sure that there was no foul play within the shelter. That of course meant checking for misinformation, so Dream was pretty much forced to send in his report for George in regards to the adoption. Best he could hope for is Niki or the other therapist in the shelter deeming him not fit to be enrolled yet.

There was also the option of adopting the hybrid himself, but anytime he even broached the topic of adoption in general, George clammed up and became visibly distressed. Because of this, he had kept his thoughts to himself for the time being, not wanting to risk the hybrid reacting badly.

He had of course been open to the idea of adopting George for quite a while now, though he only started to seriously consider it recently. If he did end up going through with this he wanted everything to be as smooth of a transition as he could make it. Which meant lots of research, and lots of behind the scenes prep work. He had asked Bad to help him with ensuring that his paperwork could be filed with no issue if the time came, and was looking into work options for George that would allow the brunette to still accompany him to the shelter. The technical aspects of a potential adoption were all covered, but the largest factor in all of this was if George even wanted to permanently stay with him.

If George was completely against the idea of adoption, period, then that's where things could get messy. He tried to have the option available to just stay in the shelter with the exemption but it seemed like that was out of the equation now with HR's interference.

Dream glanced over at George who was lounging on the office couch on his laptop, they had just finished breakfast and were settling into their daily routine. There were still a few hours until George's scheduled appointment, so he had a little time to decide how he wanted to go about things. But he needed to make sure that whatever he chose, it wouldn't destroy his relationship with George. He hated seeing the brunette hurting, and really wanted to avoid any panic if he was able.

He sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. If he wasn't careful, this was going to be a rough day.

Chapter End Notes

Gearing up for some fun stuff ahead >:)

a bit of a bridge chapter but hopefully you liked the little glimpse into each of their minds.

as always comments fuel my motivations and I love hearing your thoughts!

Downburst Contrail

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream couldn't tell if the room was actually this heavy or if he was just feeling his stress compounding against his lungs. Those extra hours didn't really help him figure out much. He let George know that he had an appointment today and just left it at that, too worried that the smaller boy would realize that something was amiss.

He really didn't know how George would react at this point, his own thoughts spinning in a constant cycle of what could go wrong. He was assuming the worst considering how George had reacted to Dream even trying to mention it in conversation a few days ago.

He was pretty sure that George had caught on to his mental struggles as well, the other trying to convince him to take a break, whether that be from sitting with him or asking him to watch the new video that Wilbur had uploaded.

Dream knew that keeping silent about it probably wasn't the best plan, but he genuinely couldn't think of a way to bring up the topic of adoption in a way that wouldn't immediately send the other into a blind panic and cause him to shut Dream out.

Dream ended up keeping quiet, staying busy with work until it came time for George's appointment. When the time came around, he logged out of his computer and stood, drawing the other's attention.

He took in a deep breath, "Alright, looks like it's time for your appointment. Wanna head with me to the med wing?" he said while avoiding eye contact with the other.

"Uhm, yeah sure. Let me just bookmark this and I'll be good to go..." George warily replied, sending the other narrow eyed glances.

They made their way over to the medical wing not long after, setting up in one of the rooms. By this point George seemed to have completely caught on to Dream's odd behavior, staying quieter than usual and cautiously looking around the room with visible unease. Dream asked George to hop onto the bed, giving him a gentle smile of reassurance. He tried to bring the energy back up in the room, chatting with the other about a show they had been binge watching recently as he went through the easier aspects of the check up. Dream took a few more minutes to conduct the usual tests, asking a few questions before finalizing his assessment and filling out his logs. He paused on the final section of his forms, looking through the adoption related boxes before reluctantly filling them out. He sighed before looking back to George, mustering up as much courage as he could before speaking again.

"Looks like you've made a full physical recovery. All of your old injuries are completely healed up, and you've put back on the weight that you had lost before." the blonde says with a slightly forced smile.

Obviously he was happy that George was doing so well, but the feeling was overshadowed by what he knew came next.

Dream took in a breath, bracing himself. “ So... since you’re back to full health, it looks like we can start focusing on some of the other stuff. how have your sessions with Niki been going?”

George watches Dream closely, reluctantly answering. “Good... what do you mean other stuff?”

Dream's hands start to go clammy as he starts fidgeting with his pin. He had hoped that he would have a little more time to slowly lean into the rougher part of this conversation. But it seemed that luck was not on his side this time, George getting straight to the point.

“A-ah, well stuff like therapy and classes to help you with adapting back into society. Some of the classes are to help with stuff like anxiety in public spaces, and other classes are more to do with dispelling any misconceptions that hybrids might have about going to new h-homes and how the adoption process works at this shelter.” The more Dream spoke the more that George seemed to be coming to the realization of what was happening.

Dream swallowed before he nervously continued, “ I promise that the whole adoption process is-”

“-Dream, stop.” George sharply cuts in, the sound of their breathing being the only sound in the deafening silence of the room.

Dream sighs, “George, I know you don't want to talk about it but we need t-”

“NO we don't, you said I could stay as long as I needed. You can’t make me go.” the hybrid borderline shouted before reeling his voice back in. It was apparent that he was starting to panic, trying to keep his voice steady in front of the other.

“I-I did say that I would try my best to make sure that you could, but HR turned me down when I asked them to make an exception. I know this isn’t what you want to hear, but we do need to talk about this. I actually had some stuff I wanted to br-”

George abruptly stands, hastily heading for the door. “We don't need to talk about anything, my check up is over right? I'm supposed to meet with Karl for a thing.”

Dream rushes in front of him, slightly blocking the door from the smaller boy and holding out his hands in a placating manner. “George, please wait.” he pleads.

George flinches and stares straight towards the handle of the door. “Dream, move.” he tersely bites out as he shoves past the blonde, grasping the handle with all of his strength. Dream moves out of his way, not wanting George to feel trapped, but follows after him once he rushes through the door.

“George please, could you just listen to what I have to say? I’ll be quick about it, and it's not anything bad I promise.” the taller boy pleaded.

“No! I'm not going, so leave me alone already!” he desperately snapped as he started to speed up, heading for the social wing.

Dream slows to a stop, not wanting to freak out the smaller boy further by chasing after him.

“Okay, okay I'll leave you alone. I just-” he sadly huffs out. George noticed that he had stopped and slows as well, tense but seemingly still willing to listen. “George, I get that you don't want to leave. Believe me I do, and I don't want you to leave either. But we need to talk about it, that way we can both be on the same page and figure things out together. I promise you that whatever happens, you won't lose anyone here. And I know we can find something that will work out, but I can’t do it alone.” he finishes.

George was still faced away from the blonde, visibly shaking, but still there. That alone gave Dream hope.

They stood there in a tense silence, no words being spoken. After a few seconds, Dream took a tentative step forward, hoping to comfort the brunette. George jolted at the noise, looking as though he was about to run, so the blonde paused again.

“Please trust me George, I’m going to make sure that you can stay somehow. That promise that I made earlier? I meant it, I Won’t break promises I make to you. Have I ever broken a promise to you?”

There was another tense silence before George slowly turned to face Dream. He looked as though he was on the verge of breaking down into tears. As he spoke his voice started to crack, “How can you promise that? How can you be so sure. You just told me that they said no to letting me stay here so how can I trust that? I can’t let myself believe it unless you can prove to me that you have a foolproof way to make sure, and I know you don’t have that.” he warbles out.

“George wait, actually I-.”

“-Just..... stop okay? Can I please have some time to calm down?” the smaller boy softly mutters.

“I... yeah of course... if you need to use my office I can stay away from there... c-can we please talk about this more later though? I don’t want us to leave this on such a bad note.”

George sighed in defeat, nodding his head once before answering. “After lunch okay?”

“Okay... Did you want to take the office?”

“..Yes please.”

“Okay, I’ll go there once it’s lunch time then, is that okay?”

“...Yes.” he softly replies.

After a moment more of them staring at each other, George turns away and slowly walks down the hallway, leaving Dream standing alone. He dejectedly sighs into the empty space, *that could have gone better.*

He had tried to bring up the idea of himself adopting the smaller boy but just couldn’t get it into the conversation. Which sucked, but maybe it was a good thing, George was panicking a little too much for Dream to feel comfortable taking any answer he might have provided currently. The brunette probably wasn’t in the best headspace right now and he didn’t want George to feel forced into anything.

They would talk after lunch, and he could tell George then. That way they could both chat about it with more level heads. He turned back to the medical room, picking up his stuff and making his way over to the breakroom.

Chapter End Notes

EDIT: for those looking for one (12/6/21)

I Finally have free time! trying to type up and finish off the next chapter for you guys

now!

genuinely so sorry for the long as fuck wait, adulting sucks ass.

Cumuliform Compass

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The blonde nervously stood at the door outside of his office, hesitant. After what felt like decades in the breakroom to the blonde, it finally came time for his lunch with George.

He had spent the last few hours sitting in the breakroom, getting quite a few weird looks from his coworkers, but to him it was worth the awkwardness to ensure that George's request for space was respected.

Bad came in to say hi at one point, listening to the blonde as he explained the situation and providing some much needed comfort. They chatted for nearly an hour about anything and everything, Bad cheering the other up and providing him moral support. Dream was thankful to have such a great friend to turn to. He decided then and there that he would get Bad a huge gift as thanks to make sure that he knew how much Dream appreciated their friendship.

When Bad eventually did leave, Dream was drawn back into his thoughts. Though this time those thoughts were much more constructive, he even had the time to come up with a loose plan on how he would bring up the adoption. He was hellbent on making sure that George knew it was an option this time around.

Dream knocked on the door, waiting a moment before reaching for the handle. He had hoped that the familiarity in routine would help the hybrid feel more at ease.

The first thing he saw when he walked into the room was George wrapped in his blanket snuggled into the arm of the couch, reluctantly looking towards him with puffy eyes. Dream breathed a sigh of relief knowing that the brunette hadn't tried to run or hide somewhere else in the building, but also felt an ache in his heart at the thought of the other crying alone while he was out.

He quietly made his way over to the brunette, smiling at him before starting to speak in a soft voice.

"Ready for lunch?"

George took a moment looking over his features before curtly nodding, pulling himself from the couch. They made their way to the food court in silence, neither one of them gathering the courage to say anything. They went through the motions of getting their food and heading out to the courtyard for some fresh air and privacy. The other hybrids of the shelter meant well but sometimes they could be a little too much. They ate in silence, Dream trying to start conversations but George refusing to participate. It reminded Dream a lot about how George used to be when he had first arrived at the shelter.

Once they finished their meals, they stayed seated, watching the clouds as they rolled by. It was a nice day, the sun was out and warming their skin with a gentle breeze sweeping hair across their faces. A stark contrast to the cold and stifling atmosphere that had developed between the two as their lunch break wore on.

Eventually Dream had had enough of the silence, opting to stand back up with a grunt and turn towards the brunette. He held out his hand for the other to take, which George reluctantly took.

They made their way back into the building, George quietly asking to take their dishes back to the cafeteria as Dream made his way back to the office. The blonde had assumed it was because George wanted some time to collect himself for their talk, so he happily parted ways with the other and went to wait in his office.

This worked out in Dream's favor anyways, since he needed to grab the adoption papers out of his desk and look them over. The majority of the forms were filled at this point, as he had wanted to make sure things flowed as smoothly as possible for when he did eventually ask George, should the other say yes to the idea.

When he got back, he quickly located the papers and set them within reach of the couch. Soon after that he started to tidy up, keeping himself busy until George came back. It took a bit longer than Dream was hoping but the brunette did eventually shuffle his way into the room a little while later. He reluctantly strode towards the couch with downturned eyes, hesitantly accepting his blanket from Dream and making himself as comfortable as he could. Dream joined him on the couch, sitting to face the brunette as he prepared to talk.

"...So, I want to start this conversation off with full transparency and be completely blunt so we won't have any chance of misunderstanding each other. I do have a foolproof way to make sure you can stay."

At this, George perks up and finally looks the blonde in the eye, he looked wary but hopeful.

Dream continues, reaching for George's hand and gently grasping onto the tips of his fingers.

"You are of course completely welcome to say no to this idea and we can look for another solution with no issues, but here's what I have in mind." He reaches over for the adoption papers, holding them close to himself.

"If you would let me, I would love to have the honor of being the name on these papers, and for you to come home with me for good. No more being moved around, just a place to always be welcome. A place to not worry about anything bad happening to you again." he nervously finishes, sitting there for a moment before finding the courage to push the papers into George's hands.

The brunette looks at the papers in stunned silence, eyes wide as he reads over the top paper.

Dream timidly continues, looking at his hands as he spoke. "I-I know that this would be a huge step for you to take, so I completely understand if you need time to think this over. I won't be mad if you say no, like I said we can figure out something else if you don't want to, and-"

"-Dream" the brunette softly interrupts.

Dream stops his rambling and looks back towards George, taking in a sharp breath as he realizes that the other was silently crying. He was still staring down at the papers, small drops of water splattering on the surface.

"You're being serious? this isn't some kind of joke?" he shakily asked.

"I would never joke about something like this, I mean it. You mean way more to me than I ever could have imagined, I don't want to lose you." Dream softly admitted, his eyes starting to blur with his own tears as he searched the features of George's face.

"I'll be honest, before you came to this shelter I was just kind of going day by day with no real drive. I was ok with where I was, spending all my time working and doing YouTube, but it wasn't anywhere near as fulfilling and enjoyable as it is now with you in it. You've become such a huge

part of my life, and I don't want to lose that. I know that you haven't had the best time out there, but if you would let me, I would love to try and make up for that. But like I said earlier, you have full control over if you want to do this, we can find another."

Dream is cut off by George barreling into him, throwing his hands around the other as he sobbed into the blonde's shoulder.

"You idiot! Why would I ever say no w-when I spent so many nights desperately hoping that you would say something like this." he hoarsely cried, shaking violently as he pressed into Dream.

"Why the hell didn't you say this earlier, I was terrified that I would lose everything." he hiccupped, smushing his nose into the other's clothes.

Dream wrapped his arms around the brunette, burying his face into the other's hair.

"I'm sorry, I was scared that it would freak you out and make you not want anything to do with me. I didn't realize you wanted me to, I would have in a heartbeat if you had asked. I'm sorry." he murmurs into George's hair, trying to soothe him.

"Fuck, we need to communicate better from now on." George sniffled out.

Dream chuckles, brushing his hand through the other's hair before hesitantly replying, "Well hey, it looks like we have a whole life ahead of us to learn how to do that, yeah?"

George huffs, peering up at Dream and responding with a watery smile "it better not take that long to perfect, otherwise I'm moving out."

They both softly laugh, taking a moment to just look at each other, allowing the now calm atmosphere to bring them back down.

George eventually shifts to lay more comfortably on Dream's chest, curling up around him. They lay there in a peaceful silence, listening to each other's breathing, and in the case of one brunette, purring.

When Dream looks down at him, he catches sight of George's arm wrapped around the adoption papers and smiles. Pulling the blanket back around his shoulders and allowing himself the time to rest as well.

Chapter End Notes

Heyo! I am so sorry it took me this long to get the next chapter out. Capitalism is a bitch and I am but one tax payer.

I can't guarantee a schedule but I will finish this fic or die trying lmao.

as per the usual spiel, comments fuel my motivation and I love seeing your reactions to each chapter. thank you for sticking with me through all of my inconsistencies!

Earthlight Outflow

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream woke up to a soft pressure on his chest, he opened his eyes and was met with the sight of a brunette hybrid, thinly veiled excitement covering his features as he towered over the blonde. Once George had noticed that the other had awoken, he leaned more into the other's space.

"Dreammmmm, come on get up already." the mass sitting on top of the sleeping blonde whined, grabbing onto his shoulders and shaking him.

"What time is it?" he gruffly responds, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes with a loose fist.

"Uhm... like... four-ish." the brunette sheepishly replied, ears tipping back a little in embarrassment.

Dream groans, turning his torso to gently knock the other off of him before pulling the comforter over his head. "It's way too early, go back to bed."

"Nooo c'mon Dream, today's the day" he says, pushing his body into the side of the blonde, trying to push him off the bed but failing.

Dream sighs before reluctantly grabbing his phone from the nightstand, squinting as the light from the screen blinded him. Sure enough it was four thirty-seven in the morning, the sun hadn't even risen yet.

He glanced over to the other, catching wide awake eyes staring right back at him. He slowly sighs out a breath before groggily starting to stretch out, trying to blink the sleep away.

"Fiiiine im up." he gruffly mutters.

It had been a few weeks since Dream had given George the adoption papers, finalizing them before running everything over to Bad to get the process started that same day.

What came after was pure chaos, they had George enrolled into the shelter's mandatory adoption classes, Dream was sent on wild goose chases for old and missing info, Karl and Skeppy cornered and threatened the blonde with a light hearted shovel talk. It was a lot at once but ended up being completely worth it when he saw how happy George would become at each step of progress.

There were brief instances where George had gotten anxious about it of course, but those were mostly due to an irrational fear of being denied the adoption, and was easily assuaged with comforting words.

Thankfully they were able to get everything legal sorted quickly, setting up an official day for the adoption once George's classes and therapy sessions had finished. George was over the moon when he had heard, crushing Dream in a bone crushing hug.

All of that had led up to today, the day of the adoption. George had apparently been awake since three in the morning, trying his best to let Dream sleep but the excitement ended up winning out. They ended up making breakfast together at five, putting together a huge celebratory meal for the

occasion. Then fell back into their usual morning routine, before finally watching some tv to fill the time before they would head out.

It was obvious that George was more than excited for the day ahead, keeping watch of the clock as they sat through an episode of their most recent series binge. The moment that Dream started to reach for the remote, George was off the couch and at the door. It was endearing watching his enthusiasm.

Once they had made it to the shelter, the nerves seemed to have set in. George hesitating a moment before unbuckling his seatbelt and grabbing his things. After a moment of recollection, they made their way out of the car and in through the front doors.

Walking into the shelter had felt like any other day, which hilariously disappointed the brunette. The receptionist waved as she usually did, allowing them passage to the rest of the building.

Once they passed through the main entrance though, the air changed. It felt like a charged energy sitting in the void of silence. It initially set the smaller boy on edge, but with reassurance and prompting forward from the blonde at his side they pushed on towards their office space.

After they had set everything down, Dream checked his phone before turning to the other with a smile.

“Alright, you ready to head over to the adoption wing?”

At this, George perked up, ears straining forward with intense focus as he turned to the blonde.

“God I was wondering when something was actually going to happen.” the brunette heaved out with a small huff of relief. “Yes, let's please go.”

With a chuckle, Dream grabs his keycard and ushers the other out, both of them heading to the adoption wing.

The hallways were eerily silent though, which threw the hybrid off. The only people he had seen were other hybrids passing through the corridors and two other staff members making their rounds. What felt even stranger was that when they had come up to the entrance of the adoption wing. The lights were mostly off, with the only lit area being the front end where potential adopters would walk in.

George looked over to Dream to gauge his reaction to the strange situation, but he seemed completely unphased. He swiped his card through the reader before grabbing the door handle, opening it for the other with a dorky little bow, which got the hybrid to snort out a small laugh at his antics.

As they made their way into the room, George caught the sound of rapid shuffling in the shadows of the room. He flinched, subconsciously shuffling closer to Dream, staring down the area that the sound had come from.

Suddenly, all at once everything came to a head, with the lights flickering on and more than a dozen people jumping out from their hiding spots shouting a unanimous
“CONGRATULATIONS!!”

George startled at the sudden sound, his back hitting Dream’s chest. Though he was able to quickly assess the situation and calm himself down, his face slowly growing into a flustered but timid

smile. Dream laughed as he stabilized the other, giving him a comforting squeeze.

When he got a better look around the room he saw the faces of all of his friends, both hybrid and human, along with a few others from the shelter. They had all gathered around the two in question, faces full of joy.

“Congrats George!” Karl shouts over Skeppy, pushing through to hug the brunette. As he leaned in he whispered to the other. “I’m so happy that you found your person, just know that if you ever need someone to talk to I’ll always be here okay? No matter what it’s about.”

George tightened his arms, squeezing the rabbit hybrid as hard as he could. “Thank you.”

Karl pulls back, earnest face looking over the cat hybrid for a moment before breaking out into an even bigger smile. “Alright! Let’s get this party started!” he shouts before booking it towards the back of the room, chuckles coming from the others around them.

There was a table near the wall that held a rather large blue cake, along with snacks and refreshments just behind them. Everyone slowly made their way over to it, Niki cutting into the cake and giving George and Dream the first slices before dealing out the rest to the others.

As time went on, everyone came to say their own personal congratulations, some even procuring small gifts for the brunette. It was way more than the hybrid thought he would receive, a little overwhelming but in the best of ways. He stayed close to the blonde for the majority of the time but eventually he was roped into a board game with the small but loud group of hybrid friends he had made throughout his time here.

As time had worn on, a few of the staff and hybrids made their way back out, bidding their goodbyes and leaving behind just the people that knew George the most. The people that George now knew to be his own little found family, the people that cared for him enough to do everything in their power to keep him close. Even when it seemed that so much was stacked against it, they stayed.

George’s eyes started to well up at the thought, he was finally able to allow himself to come to terms with the fact that he was loved. That he was wanted, and not just as a means to make money. Not just an annoyance in someone’s life, but a welcome member of a family who had a place in the world again.

He was pulled from his thoughts by Bad coming up next to him, holding a small bundle of items in his hands.

“I think it’s about time that I got these over to you and Dream.” he joyfully says, handing off the items to George.

In his hands were his medical documents, along with a new ID tag receipt that held Dream’s address and phone number. And sitting on top of it all was an official certificate of adoption, his own name printed neatly in bold. He took a deep breath in, trying to keep his eyes from blurring with tears as he smiled. “Thank you.”

“There’s no need to thank me silly. All that’s left to do is update your ID, just let me know when you want to get that done, yeah? I’ll let you enjoy the rest of your party now.” he says before patting George on the shoulder and making his way over to the couch that Skeppy was perched on.

George turned to find Dream, spotting him near the table. He was laughing at something that either Karl or Quackity said, taking a sip of his water before catching sight of George and beaming at

him. It was the kind of smile that gave the blonde little crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, the kind of smile that the genuine tenderness he radiated poured out into the space between them. George started making his way over to the blonde, the other patiently waiting for him with his full attention.

He knew then and there that he was truly home.

Chapter End Notes

I'M BACK

and I have successfully moved! that took way more energy than I thought it ever could but it is done!

I'll for sure be continuing this, especially with all of the support for both the fic and my own situation. I love you guys <3

as per the usual spiel, your comments and kudos fuel my motivations, and I love hearing what you guys think about each chapter!

I wish you all an amazing day/night!

Landspout Radiation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It had been about a few weeks since the adoption, and George couldn't have felt more fulfilled.

The rest of the celebration had been relatively uneventful, with George taking to Dream's side after his chat with Bad. They all finished eating and dispersed back into the rest of the shelter, leaving Dream and George free to have the hybrid's tag updated. It only took a few moments but the task felt monumental to George. He was officially out of the system. Finally away from the constant unsure shuffle that his life had taken on. He was still a little scared of course, that something could go wrong and rip him away. But he knew that Dream wouldn't let anything happen to him, that he would do everything in his power to keep George safe.

He had made a promise after all.

Once the little gold tag was updated, it was placed back onto George's collar. He thumbed the small piece of metal as they made their way back out and towards their office. When he looked over to Dream he was met with presumably viridian eyes staring right back. Eyes filled with soft adoration, a gentle happiness. The brunette looked away, face slowly taking on a pink tint.

His hybrid features gave him away to Dream, the other chuckling at his reaction.

A good thing about being friends with Bad is that it meant George was able to keep accompanying Dream to work with no issues. They briefly considered trying to find a way for George to actually work at the shelter, but figured it would cause more complications rather than ease any. They did end up getting George his own faculty card to go wherever he wanted in the shelter though. For the most part he did exactly what he had done before the adoption, the only difference really being that he felt secure in the knowledge that he wasn't going anywhere.

YouTube continued to take off for the two as well, with each video they posted garnering amazing reception. George had started streaming every now and then with Dream and friends as well. The hybrid was really enjoying content creation, finding it soothing to sit down and brainstorm future ideas.

He still hated editing though, making sure to complain loudly about it to Dream, which almost always resulted in the blonde editing his videos for him. He softly snickered at the thought, making a mental note to do something for the blonde to show his appreciation. Maybe he could cook something for the other, he had an okay idea of what the taller boy enjoyed eating.

--Small Time Jump--

George made his way over to the common room, he was meant to watch a new movie that had just come out with the group. It was some kind of action movie with superheroes, not something George would have picked out himself but was interested enough to watch.

When he started to make his way around the couch he noticed another hybrid amongst his friends. A stocky ravenette was seated between Karl and Tommy, legs against his chest with arms wrapped

around them. It made George pause a moment before collecting himself and taking his own seat on the other side of the L shaped sofa. Karl was chattering away to the smaller individual, his hands perched on the smaller boy's shoulder. The ravenette had his full attention on the rabbit hybrid, listening intently to everything that the other had to say. He hadn't noticed George just yet, and the brunette took advantage of that fact by using the time to look the other over in detail.

He seemed to be some type of dog hybrid, possibly a German shepherd or something similar with the upright triangular ears. He had his tail tucked in next to him, the long and fluffy fur matching his hair. The hybrid's eyes almost seemed to be a charcoal gray, with any distinguishable color not being immediately apparent.

The more George looked at the other hybrid, the more he was able to notice the smaller things.

Under all of that focus on Karl, the ravenette seemed downcast. He seemed subdued in his mannerisms towards the rabbit hybrid. He didn't seem to be contributing much to the conversation verbally, instead opting for little hums of affirmation and nodding along.

It made George curious as to how the other had ended up in the shelter. He was obviously new to the shelter, as the brunette had never seen him before. He figured he could ask Dream to pull his file later, maybe after they had eaten lunch.

After a moment of conversing with Karl, the ravenette seemed to have finally caught sight of him. The boy's gaze immediately going to George's collar, making a barely noticeable face that George wasn't able to read the emotion of.

His first instinct was to get defensive, but the feeling slowly passed as he remembered who's name was on the ID. The ravenette's eyes flicked back up towards George's face, looking at the other in curiosity. Karl turned as well, noticing the brunette's presence.

"George! I was hoping you would be able to make it! This is Sapnap, Sapnap this is George."

The ravenette nodded in greeting, "Hello."

"Hi, I haven't seen you around before, when did you get here?" the brunette questioned.

Karl answered instead, happily chirping out an answer. "He came in last night! It was like 2 hours after you left. I wasn't able to meet him until this morning though, Quackity said I had to give him time to settle in. which is dumb, I feel like everyone gets comfortable faster with a friend to talk to."

As Karl was telling George all of this, Sapnap glanced away with a dejected look. George could only assume it had to do with how he got to the shelter rather than Karl's failed attempt to meet him the day before.

"Ah I see, I see. Well it's nice to meet you Sapnap, you'll probably be seeing more of me if you stick around with this idiot." George replies with a lilt of endearment towards the rabbit hybrid, gesturing to said hybrid.

"Hey!" The rabbit hybrid squawks out in dismay, causing everyone else to chuckle.

Sapnap seems to hesitate before speaking, "w-why do you have a collar? I thought that Hybrids here didn't have to wear them?"

"Oh! That's because George was adopted by Dream! He still comes to the shelter since Dream works here, I guess in a way George is a staff member now. Maybe he can sneak us stuff with his

staff powers, He's gotta have access to the vending machines now right?" Karl says with a snicker.

George rolls his eyes with a chuckle. "Har har, you wish."

"O-oh, okay." the ravenette replied with a barely noticeable despondent tone, causing George to look towards him in confusion. The others around them didn't seem to pick up on Sapnap's weird behavior, so he let it go, wondering if he was just misreading the situation.

It was at this point that Skeppy walked up, greeting everyone before taking the spot next to George on the sofa. This prompted Karl to push himself up off the couch.

"Alright! Let's get this show on the road!" he says with a flourish of his hands, before making his way over to the entertainment center.

They all fell into the movie easily, everyone quieting pretty much immediately once it started. The movie was pretty decent, predictable but in the forgivable Hollywood standard way. Once the end credits started to roll, they chatted for a good twenty minutes. the entire time George caught the new hybrid silently watching him, looking away when he noticed the brunette looking his direction. George stretched and pushed himself off the couch, getting slightly uncomfortable with the situation but not wanting to kick up a fuss over something that was likely nothing.

"Okay, I'm gonna head back to the office, that was a good pick Karl." the smaller boy grunts out, making his way towards the door.

"Alrighty! I'll see you later then. Come say bye before you leave tonight!"

"I will." he replied with a wave of the hand.

During all of this, Sapnap watched from the background in curiosity. He waited until the brunette pushed through the doors before turning to Karl.

"What did he mean by office? Does he like, have his own space here?"

"Hm? Oh! No, he hangs out in Dream's office most of the time. They always eat lunch together and usually hang out for the rest of Dream's shift, but he sometimes hangs out with us instead. It depends on what Dream is doing and what our group has planned."

Sapnap hums in contemplation, "I think I have to see Dream today, he's the doctor here right?"

"Yep! It's Dream and Punz that do the normal medical stuff, and Niki is our main therapist. Callahan and Ponk are also here for the night time but you usually never see them unless it's an emergency."

"Ah gotcha." he politely replied.

"When do you have to go see him? I can walk you over to the med wing!"

"At eleven, so in like.. Twenty minutes." the ravenette sheepishly replied, looking over to the door that George had left through.

A bit of a setting up chapter but its gotta be done >:3

also 50k words! 30 chapters!! 1450 kudos!!! 40k hits!!!! I love you guyssssss <3
as always, let me know what you think in the comments! they fuel my motivations.
(edit: small Hiatus while I try to pay my bills T-T)

Cloud Bank High

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George walked into the office lost in thought, making his way to the couch while Dream was hurriedly typing something into his computer. The rapid typing paused when he noticed the brunette took a seat.

“Movie over already?” the dirty blonde asks as he starts up typing again.

“Yeah, it was good. Some scenes felt rushed though, probably because of budget. I stayed and chatted with the group for a little after... actually I was wondering something.” George stands and makes his way over to Dream’s desk.

“There was a new hybrid there that Karl made friends with, do you know anything about him?”

Dream glances over to the brunette, saving his work in a document before humming.

“There was a new collie-shepherd mix hybrid that came in last night if that's who you meant. He’s my next patient on the list for today, I have to run to the med wing in like.. Thirteen minutes for that..” the taller boy responds. George nods, leaning against the desk.

“Do you know why he’s here? Like what happened before he got here?”

“Uhh, I can check if we have anything on file. From what Bad said, it was a voluntary Passover from the owner.” he says before pulling up a browser and logging into their database. He pulls up the hybrid in question’s file with little to no effort and tilts the screen over to George.

It was a simple entry file with the hybrid’s age, name, past owners (only one owner on file) as well as attachments for past medical records that looked routine and normal. Near the top was a small entry for admittance to the shelter. It read ‘voluntary surrender of hybrid, explained as a new living situation that required rehoming of hybrid.’

George’s ears tipped back, “so his owner dropped him off because he couldn't live with them anymore?” the blonde looked back towards him with apologetic eyes, “looks like that's most likely the case yeah, but there might be more to the story than that. All the shelter is required to enter is the barebones reason for admittance for records.”

“Still kinda fucked up regardless.” the brunette mutters.

Dream solemnly nods, leaning over to the hybrid for a side hug, which the brunette eagerly accepts.

“I can ask him about it if you’d like, though I feel like he might be more receptive to talking about things if it was someone from your group than a random human that he’s required to see.”

George huffs a breath out, before leaning his head on the other’s chest and replying.

“Nah it's fine, if he wants to talk about it I'm sure he will.” the blonde hums in affirmation. After a brief moment of silence, Dream speaks up again.

“Why the interest if you don't mind me asking?”

George pauses, looking up to the blonde. “He just felt a little off I guess. Like he was acting a little weird about my collar and seemed really out of it, but not like how I was when I got here.”

“I see, well I'll keep an eye out for it when I see him. Actually on that note I should probably get my stuff together for that appointment.”

Dream squeezes the smaller boy one last time before breaking from the embrace and moving to gather his things. George watched from his place at the desk as the blonde moved around, for some reason he felt uneasy about the new hybrid. He assumed it was due to the strangeness of their interaction earlier, though he felt a little better knowing that Karl seemed unphased by the dog hybrid. The bunny hybrid was a good judge of character, and he trusted that judgment.

“Do you have any more appointments after this one?”

“Nah this is the last one, do you know what they have in the cafeteria today?”

“Nachos and hot dogs I think, but I haven't checked myself.”

“Hmmm sounds like a hot dog day for me. Today's been pretty nice weather-wise, wanna eat in the courtyard for lunch? We could meet up here beforehand, this appointment should be like thirty minutes max.”

“Sounds good to me, I'll probably just nap here until then.” the brunette replied.

“Okay, plan set then. I'll be back as soon as I'm finished.” he promises before heading out the door, leaving George in silence. He sighed before making his way back to the couch and tossing himself onto it, pulling out the tablet that Dream had given him and putting on a YouTube video for background noise. It didn't take too long before he was sound asleep.

----- Dream POV-----

Dream walked up to the door of the exam room and knocked three times before entering. Upon opening the door he saw the eyes of a dog hybrid looking back at him. He seemed to be in good health, watching the blonde with what seemed to be nervousness but otherwise fine. He smiled at the smaller boy, hoping to break the tension.

“Hello, My name is Dream and I'll be taking care of you starting today, I'm sure you're probably ready for lunch so I'll be quick. Today is just a standard check up to make sure you're healthy, so there won't be anything too crazy.” he finished with a chuckle.

The hybrid had slowly untensed during Dream's introduction, looking more curious than nervous. He was very alert, watching the blonde with all of his attention.

“So for starters i wanted to ask you a few questions, are you ok with that?” the taller boy asks, looking to the other for his reply.

“O-oh um yeah that's fine. “ he timidly mutters, fiddling with his hands.

“Awesome, so first question. Is there anything you would prefer to be called? I know they have you listed as Sapnap but if you would rather me call you something else I would be more than happy to do that.”

“S-Sapnap is fine.”

“Okay, and do you know if you have any health conditions or problems that I should be aware of? For example, reactions to certain types of medicines?”

“No, not that I know of.” the ravenette quickly replies.

“Okay, good to know, good to know. And are you alright with me coming closer to take your vitals?”

The ravenette slightly furrowed his brows in confusion, looking a little thrown by the question. So Dream quickly elaborated to help the hybrid better understand his line of questioning.

“I prefer to ask before I do things to make sure that you have full control of the check up. That way if you feel uncomfortable we can reassess and figure out something else.” he finishes with a smile.

“Oh, okay. I'm fine with you taking my vitals.” the smaller boy responds, scooting closer to the edge of the examining table.

Dream steps closer and starts to go through the usual routine of a check up, and as he takes the others vitals he sparks up conversation. Initially it feels stilted but slowly the ravenette starts to warm up to him. They ended up finding a common interest in sports, starting out with favorite teams but spiraling into talking about different plays and strategies, the ravenette getting more and more excited by these theoretical scenarios that his tail started to subconsciously wag. They get through the check up with ease, Dream filling out his paperwork while they continue to talk.

Sapnap was more than happy to continue the conversation, much more animated than he was when Dream first met him. The blonde responded in kind, keeping the flow of the conversation going until he had finished everything he needed to do for the appointment.

“Alrighty, that's everything we need for this visit. Any questions you have before we get out of here?” he asked as he stretched his arms out, grabbing his stuff.

The ravenette hops down from the exam table and walks over to his side, looking up towards him. “nope, nothing I can think of.”

"okay, lets get out of here then."

They make their way out of the room, Sapnap sticking to the blonde's side as they walked. They continued talking until they reached the cafeteria, the blonde turning to the smaller boy with a smile.

“Alright I'll have to leave you here, I gotta to get back to George for lunch. It was really fun talking to you, don't hesitate to come say hi. Maybe we can round up enough people to play basketball on the court outside or something next time we see each other?” the ravenette looked bewildered for a moment before gathering his bearings and replying.

“Oh, sounds good to me! I'll ask around and see who might be interested. I forgot Karl said that you were George's owner, how did that end up happening?” the ravenette asks.

Dream lets out a chuckle, “well that's honestly a bit of a long story, but the simple answer is that he means a lot to me, and I wanted him to know that he had me no matter what happened.” Dream replied, eyes going soft as he talked about the other, eyes looking off in the distance.

Sapnap watched him talk with a forlorn expression, before letting out a small smile.

“He’s really lucky to have you.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello! sorry for the wait, updates will probably be sporadic! (just got a full time job secured)

Dream Team Shenanigans incoming!

as always comments fuel my motivations and life force, scream at me all you like below! >:3

Atmospheric Pressure

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream opens the door to his office to find George asleep on the couch with a video playing in the background. He softly chuckles as he makes his way in and puts his stuff away, setting the ravenette's files at his computer to input after lunch. The brunette's ears twitch with the soft shuffling of movement, rousing the hybrid from his nap.

"Lunch time?" he mumbles out while rubbing his eyes.

"Yep, things went smoothly so it took less time than I thought." Dream replies, taking a seat on the couch next to George's torso. He reaches out and runs his fingers through the hybrid's sleep tousled hair, the other leaning into the gesture with a pleased sigh.

After a bit of unwinding, the two make their way over to the cafeteria and pick up their food before making their way out to the courtyard. They sat in their usual spot and basked in the sunshine that was finally making more frequent appearances.

They spend the first half of their lunch eating, chatting about whatever comes to mind. Eventually Dream turns to George, starting up a new topic.

"By the way, what did you mean when you said that Sapnap was acting off? When I talked with him he seemed fine. He was really nice."

George glanced up towards Dream before scratching the back of his neck and looking at the ground. "He was just like... I dunno, staring at me a lot? Especially at my collar. I kept catching him watching me throughout the movie and after when I was chatting with the rest of the group. I don't know, I'm probably just overreacting." the brunette replies, slightly curling into himself in insecurity.

"Georgie, hey. I'm not saying that you're wrong, you probably did get some kind of vibe from him. But it might have just been because he's still settling in here, I'm sure he's been through a lot of change in the last few days." the blonde murmurs, moving his arm around the other's shoulders. "I can keep an eye out for anything troubling, just in case something is going on. I trust your opinion and I do believe that you were picking up something." he reassures, pulling the brunette into a loose embrace.

George sighs, leaning into the blonde as he spoke, "Yeah you're right, I guess I'll see what happens when I talk with him more. It looked like Karl took a huge liking to him so I'm sure he'll be in our group a lot."

Dream chuckles, "Knowing Karl, He's probably already an honorary member of the group even if he chooses not to stick around."

A couple of days pass with no major incident. George continued coming to work with Dream like usual and relaxing in their office, heading out to be with friends while the blonde worked. As George had suspected, Sapnap melded right into their group.

The first few days of being there, Sapnap was glued to Karl's side, following the other boy around like a lost puppy. He didn't really interact with George initially, choosing to chat mostly with Karl and Quackity. But after a while they got to a point where they both spoke within the group comfortably.

Sapnap seemed to still be adjusting to the new experiences that the building provided, taking everything in with a reserved curiosity. George had only seen the other boy in a somber or quiet mood, taking in everything at a distance while putting on a neutral facade when they spoke. Though Karl said that he occasionally got pretty boisterous when they hung out in their own time.

The subconscious side of the cat hybrid was mildly suspicious of that fact, worried that it meant that Sapnap didn't like him or harbored some kind of malicious sentiment towards him, but he made sure to keep his thoughts in check, knowing that it was a left over trauma response from the ring.

Realistically he knew that the dog hybrid likely wasn't comfortable enough around George yet to open up to him and wasn't a threat, but his fight or flight reaction wouldn't listen. It put the brunette on edge when he was around the dog hybrid, which in turn riddled him with guilt. Sapnap hadn't even done anything to him and he's acting this way, the only saving grace is it seemed like the ravenette was none the wiser about it.

The group was hanging out in the main area of the social wing towards the end of the day when Dream strolled through the door. George caught sight of him first and sat up expectantly, waiting as he made his way over. Dream opened his mouth to speak when a loud voice rang out from behind the hybrid.

"Dream! Hey man! I was wondering when I would see you again." Sapnap called from the other side of the couch, pushing himself up and towards Dream.

"Sapnap, hi! How have you been settling in?" Dream responds, directing his attention to the smaller boy and patting his shoulder.

"Good, Karl's been showing me around and helping me with everything. How's it been going? Did you watch the game the other day? Our team rolled the competition with that 38-3 score." The ravenette chirps, taking the other's side as they spoke.

Dream laughs before responding, "I did, they didn't even have a chance against us. Especially with that play towards the end. Did you see?"

The two proceeded to have an excited conversation about whatever game they had both watched, George silently watching from the background. There was an odd sense of dread and displacement that started festering within the brunette as he watched them interact, seeing how comfortable and close they were with such little time knowing each other.

Realistically he knew everything was ok, and that there wasn't anything to feel panicked about. But his emotions were getting the better of him, intrusive thoughts of being left behind and replaced. He looked away, fiddling with the cuff of his sleeve as he pulled his attention away from them. He tried to focus on the TV, hoping that the white noise would pull him from the troubled thoughts

and help him relax.

Eventually a hand was placed on his shoulder, pulling him out of his partial zoning out. He looked up to find Dream smiling down at him.

“You ready to head home?” he softly asked.

George quietly responds in the affirmative, looking around the room to see where Sapnap had gone. He quickly spots him chatting with Quackity with the same fervor of tone that he was with Dream, prompting George to release some of the tension in his body. At least this confirmed that the ravenette was like that with more people than just Dream, that it wasn't exclusive towards the blonde.

At that thought he pauses, internally kicking himself with a flood of guilt. Sapnap hadn't done anything to warrant this level of internal negativity from the brunette. He was literally just talking to Dream over a shared interest, they've even chatted themselves from time to time within the group and Sapnap has never shown any kind of animosity towards him.

Suddenly there was a hand in front of George's face, startling him out of his thoughts. Accompanying the hand was a concerned look from Dream, looking over the brunette as though he would be able to visually find something wrong.

“You alright Georgie? You kinda stopped responding for a second there.”

“Yeah! Yeah, I’m fine. Sorry, I got a bit distracted.” the brunette responded with a wince, pushing himself off the couch and to the other’s side.

“You sure? You can tell me if somethings wrong...” the blonde said with a look of worry.

“I'm sure. Are we still having fish tonight?” the brunette responded, swiftly changing the subject.

Dream watched his face in silence for a moment before responding, “Yep, unless you want something different, then we could hit up the store before home.”

“No, no I'm good with fish, I was just double checking.” the hybrid nervously replied, walking towards the door. Dream matched pace with them as they made their way outside. The blonde opened the car door for the other, making sure he was settled before getting in himself and starting the car.

However instead of driving off he turned to George again, face still full of concern. “I'm not gonna make you talk about whatever it is that's bothering you but just make sure you don't bottle it up okay? I can tell that there's something on your mind, and if there's anything I can do to help I will in a heartbeat, alright?.”

At this, George melts, feelings of happiness and comfort flooding him. He smiles at the other, leaning over to rest his head on the other's arm. “I’m just working through some dumb brain stuff. I'm okay, I promise.” he murmurs into the blonde’s shoulder. “If it gets to be too much then I'll talk about it, sorry for worrying you.”

Dream rests his head on the brunette’s, taking his hand in his own. “don't be sorry Georgie, making sure that you’re ok is always gonna be one of my top priorities and isn't any burden or issue to me.”

he reassures the brunette. “ Alright, you ready to eat some dinner and watch the next episode of Breaking bad?”

George snorts before pulling back to his own seat, keeping their hands intertwined. “Absolutely, why was that a question? You can't say no to seeing more of Jesse.”

They both laugh, Dream pulling out of the parking lot and setting sights to home.

Chapter End Notes

Happy holidays if you celebrate! I know its been a bit since I've posted and I apologies for that, though it'll probably still be slow updating. full time jobs can wreck your shit energy level wise lol. that being said it won't be abandoned!

as per the usual spiel, comments fuel my motivations and I love hearing what you guys think about the chapters!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!